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ONE DUST.

BY ALICE CARY.

Thou, under Satan's fierce control—
Shall Heaven its final rest bestow?
I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill
Soe'er, thy feet have found, or trod—
I know a spirit and a will
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full-day laborers stand,
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?
I know not, but I know a hand
With an infirmity, like thine.

Shalt thou who hast with scoffers part,
E'er wear the crown the christian wears?
I know not, but I know a heart
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O thou Crucified!
For even while I name thy name,
I know a tongue that might have lied
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—
The weak who faint—the frail who fall—
Of one blood—of the self-same dust,
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

TORIES AT A DISCOUNT.

If Louis Griswold had ever felt such a thing as compassion, or if he had ever felt such a thing as respect for the character of woman, he felt nothing of it now. He was mad and raving, and he swore that he would shoot the widow and her daughter if they did not submit.

"Johanna Burns," he said, stamping his foot, and at the same time pointing his hand towards the door, "if you will leave us now, you may go in safety; but if you stay, you do so upon your peril. These muskets are faithfully loaded, and they shall be discharged if you do not obey me. Will you go?"

"I shall remain with my child," was the woman's answer.

"Then, by the powers above me, you remain to your own death!"

"Back!" cried Maggie, "I have a bullet here for one more life. We can die, but we defend ourselves to the utmost extremity."

For a moment the Tory leader was undecided. The women were in one corner of the room, and he and his men were in the other. He saw that Maggie's rifle was truly aimed, and he had seen enough of her character within the last few minutes to know that she would fire if any decisive movement were made towards her. But presently a new thought occurred to him. The fire upon the hearth had burned down so low that the coals and cinders were covered with ashes, and the flame had wholly expired. There were some brands left upon the dogs, and upon the chimney-back, but they only sent forth a dull smoke from their choked and burdened heat. With a quick movement Griswold turned to the table and extinguished the candle, and then gave the order for his men to rush forward.

It was so dark in that room, after the candle had been extinguished, that objects could not possibly be discovered from one side to the other; and under cover of this gloom Louis Griswold, when he had given the order to his men, leaped forward towards the spot where he had seen Maggie standing. As the maiden heard the ruffians coming she discharged the rifle, and then threw it down; but she had not discharged it with any effect, for the act had been an involuntary one, and the ball entered the ceiling above the Tories' heads.

At that moment, just as the rifle had been thrown down, and the men had started forward, the smoking brands which had lain upon the chimney-back, fell down into the fire-bed, and a bright flame shot up from the hearth, sending forth over the room a glare almost like the light of day.

"Aha!" cried Louis Griswold, as the form of the shrinking maiden was revealed to him, "now the first scene is over, and we'll soon have the curtain down.——Take that old woman out, my men. Drag her forth! Carry her to the barn, and bind her there!"

In obedience to these commands the heartless ruffians seized the helpless widow. They were just fitted for such work—just brave enough for making war upon women and children; and they laid hold upon that old woman most doughtily. They had set their muskets against the wall, all four of them, so that they might have no trouble in disposing of their charge. In the meantime Griswold leaped upon Maggie, and caught her by the arm.

"You are mine now," he said, grasping her sensitive flesh till she shrank with pain. "It has cost something, but the prize will be all the more valuable for that."

"Mercy! Help! Help!"

"O—you needn't cry out in that fashion."

"Help! Help!"

"Stop your mouth, or I'll stop it for you! If you have help now, you'll get it from me. Come—you won't gain anything by further resistance. You must go with me.——What now?"

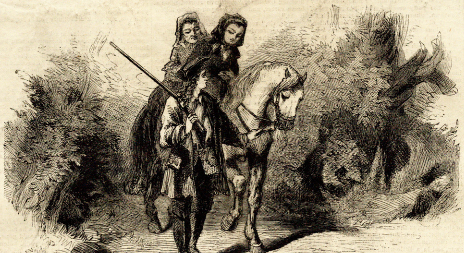
This last remark was addressed to his companions, who had stopped by the door, and were retreating back into the room. But he had no need to repeat the question, for at that moment, and while yet the words were trembling upon his lips, a new-comer entered upon the scene.

"In heaven's name, what is this?"

"Roderic!—O, help me! Save me!"

The brands upon the hearth were still in flames, and Roderic Glengyle, who had sprung into the cot with a leap like a tiger's, saw in a moment the situation of affairs. He saw the four base ruffians bearing down the widow's form; and he saw Louis Griswold with his unholy grasp upon the person of Maggie Burns. He had his sword in his hand, but he did not run it through the dastard's body. He only raised it over his shoulder, and brought down its heavy pommel upon the rascal's head with a blow that almost crushed his skull, and sent his body to the floor like the carcass of a felled ox.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



ON THE ROAD.

Had the four hirelings turned and fled, or had they remained passive, they might have fared better; but the fools, when they saw their leader fall, sprang for their muskets, as though they would shoot this new enemy upon the spot.

Roderic Glengyle was not in a condition to parley, nor did the circumstances of the occasion admit of hesitation; so he leaped upon the Tory nearest to him, and cut him down. Upon this the others turned, two of them having obtained their muskets; but before they could raise their weapons they were set upon by a man who could not fail at such a time. And, under any circumstances, in a hand-to-hand encounter, those four Tories would have been but as so many little children before the lion-like strength and dauntless bearing of Roderic Glengyle. The two who had obtained their muskets he cut down very quickly, and the other fled towards the door. Our hero's first impulse, under the heat of the moment, was to follow the retreating man, and level him also; but he restrained himself, and the fellow fled with his life.

As Roderic turned from this work he found Louis Griswold just staggering to his feet; and again the impulse was upon him to strike one more blow; but, as before, he withheld his hand, and suffered the Tory captain to get up.

"By my soul," he said, with his sword still firmly clutched, as though the whole arm were itching for the giving of the blow, "I know not whether I ought to spare you."

Griswold saw his situation, and quickly realized that his only hope for the present was in the mercy of the Patriot; and, with sense enough for self-protection, he cowered before the youth, and begged for his life.

"I have played for a rich prize," he said, "and I see that I have lost. Let me go, and I will give up beat."

The same impulse which had tempted Roderic to strike the dastard down now led him to spurn him from the cot.

"Out you go!" he cried, in tones of bitterest loathing and hate. "Take hence your foul presence, and beware that you never cross my path again. I won't kill you now, for there has been blood enough spilled already; but dare to come in my way again, and I'll take your life as I would a dog's! Aye—and if you dare to pollute this dwelling again with your unhallowed foot, the step shall be the last one for you this side of your grave! Now go!—go!—I cannot hold my hand longer!"

Without a word Louis Griswold turned from the room, but when he had reached the entry a bitter curse dropped from his lips; and, ere he stepped from the door-stone, his mutterings had increased to something more than cursing.

However, Roderic did not then give much thought to the departing Tory, for there was something of nearer and dearer moment. The widow and her daughter had blessed him for the deed which he had done, and then, weak from excitement, had sunk down to rest. As they were still faint and weary, he simply assured himself that they were neither of them injured, after which he closed the door and bolted it, and then replenished the fire, and relighted the candle. By this time Maggie was able to converse freely, and the youth took a seat by her side, when she gave him a detailed account of all that had transpired. As she told her story he regarded her with the admiration almost of worship; and when she had concluded he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Brave, noble girl," he cried, "how worthy art thou to be a daughter of Liberty! O, with such spirits in the bosoms of our maidens, how shall America be ever enslaved!"

"Roderic, is this true?"

"True?" repeated the youth, gazing upon her inquiringly. "How can it be otherwise?"

"You do not understand me," she said, with her hand upon his shoulder, and her eye bent earnestly with more than a hopeful look. "You speak as though the deed met your approval—as though the cause of Liberty was your idol."

"Ah, I understand you now," returned Roderic, with a smile. "You wonder if I dare to avow myself an enemy to my uncle?"

"Yes,—such was my thought."

"You shall see, Maggie, whether I am true or false. You are not the only one who has met a Tory foe this night. But ere I tell you my story we will remove these dead bodies. Are you strong enough to hold the candle for me?"

"Aye," replied the maiden. "When such needs surround me, I will not be weak."

Mrs. Burns had so far recovered her strength that she was able to assist in the work; and after a short consultation it was arranged that the dead bodies should be taken into the sink-room, there to remain until some further arrangement could be made. It was a strange work for that secluded cot, and but little was said while the corses were being removed. Roderic laid them in a row upon the floor of the sink-room, and having covered them with deer-skins he helped Maggie and her mother wipe up the blood-spots in the sitting-room.

"O, my soul!" murmured the widow, as she sank into a chair after the work was done, "this is terrible!"

"Aye," cried Maggie, with vehemence, "it is terrible. It is terrible that men should have such wicked hearts, and seek to do such wicked things. But, my mother, the death of those unholy men is not so terrible as would have been the fate to which they would have subjected your child. The death of ten thousand traitors—aye, of ten thousand times ten thousand—is not so terrible as would be the eternal enslavement of the American people! It is a fearful thing to take a human life; but that man who is an enemy to his country is not fit to live. Aye—more than that," the maiden continued, starting to her feet, and raising her hands above her head: "As the deep condemnation of a country's curse shall follow the traitor to his grave, so shall a country's blessing rest upon him who, with love for liberty, and a purpose of justice, aids in sweeping foul treason from the land!"

As Maggie Burns sank back into her chair, Roderic caught her by the hand.

"Noble girl," he exclaimed, while his broad bosom swelled with the deep emotion that was stirring him, "you know not how directly you are giving utterance to the thoughts and feelings that have been dwelling within me. Listen to me, Maggie, and you shall hear. You have spoken as though you thought it possible that this deed, which I have done here, might bring down the enmity of my uncle upon me. But in this you fear without a cause. I have this day taken leave of him; and, in that he is an enemy of my country, he is an enemy to me, and I an enemy to him. He sent his hireling Tories to arrest me, and I overcame them. My first battle has been fought, and henceforth my arm is my country's. My sword rests not, while I have life, until Freedom's Flag can wave unchallenged upon our soil!"

It was Maggie's turn now to be enraptured; and as she clung to Roderic, and gazed up into his face, he related to her all that had transpired between himself and his uncle; and also gave an account of his meeting with the Tory lieutenant and his men. When he had concluded, she murmured a blessing, and then rested her head upon his bosom.

It may have been a strange time for such a thought; but Roderic Glengyle was hardly responsible at that moment. The thought was in his soul, and, as the maiden's head rested upon his bosom, and he wound his stout arms about her, he could no more help giving it utterance than he could have stopped the pulsations of his own heart.

"Maggie! Maggie!" he said, in eager, tremulous tones, "O, may it not be ever thus? heart to heart, and hand in hand? Mine, mine—O, Maggie—mine! I will love you; cherish you; die for you, if need be! Give me the blessed assurance to light me through the path which duty to God and my country opens before me!"

The maiden raised her eyes, brimming with tears, and received the kiss upon her lips. Then she said, in a low, soft tone:

"Roderic Glengyle gives himself to his country; and Maggie Burns will not refuse him the boon he craves. I am yours, Roderic; and the thought makes me proud and happy."

They turned to the widow; and she, reading their wishes in their looks, arose to her feet, and advanced towards them. She placed her trembling hands upon their heads, and blessed them, and then murmured a fervent prayer to Heaven.

Roderic held the fair prize a few moments more to his bosom; and then, dashing the tears from his eyes, he gave his thoughts to other needs.

"From this time, sweet Maggie," he said, taking her hand as he spoke, "our hearts are as one, and our lives run together. On all the earth my affection knows no other object; and, save my country, my first duty is henceforth to thee. So let us rest our hearts in love, and cherish the faith we this night avow.

"And now, Maggie, we must think of other things. You cannot, for the present at least, remain here."

"It will be hard for my mother and me to leave our quiet home," replied the maiden, thoughtfully.

"Aye," added the widow, "it will truly be hard; but I think it will be best. I have been thinking of that very thing for some time. I know Louis Griswold; and I know the character of the Tories who infest these parts. After what has this night happened we must be marked persons; and, if we remain here, the enemy will not be long in coming back upon us."

"You are right," added Roderic. "Griswold has a full company organized, and he may return here at any moment. I do not think he will come to-night; and yet he may. Upon my soul, I am not sure that I did right in sparing him."

"I wouldn't feel that way, Roderic," said Maggie. "Perhaps you have done best."

"At all events," responded our hero, quickly, "I did the best I could. It would have been cold-blooded to kill the coward after he had ceased all opposition. I had not the heart to do it."

"Of course you had not," said the maiden.

"And yet," pursued the youth, with a shake of the head, "there are times, in seasons like these, when a man needs almost to forget that he has a heart. However, Louis Griswold is free, and we must calculate accordingly. I think there can be no danger in our remaining here to-night; but with the first dawn of the morrow we must be off. We will go direct to Newtown, for I must see General Washington."

"There is but one trouble," said the widow. "It may be thought a slight one, and yet it is somewhat heavy upon me. Our horse we can take with us; but the other animals—what shall become of them? They are old pets of mine. They watch for my coming in the morning, at noon, and at night; and I should never rest while I felt that they were uncared for and starving."

"I guess there will be no trouble about that," replied Roderic. "We can easily find some one who will come up here and take care of them."

"Hark!"

There were footsteps approaching the house; and presently there came a rap upon the door.

"Fear not," said Roderic. "I do not think it is an enemy." And thus speaking he took the candle, and having drawn and cocked one of his pistols, he went to answer the summons.

CHAPTER V.

HECUBA.

As Roderic opened the outer door, the cold blast swept upon him, and as the pistol in his right hand prevented him from guarding his light, it was extinguished; but not, however, until he had seen that two persons were upon the broad stone—one a male, and the other a female.

"Who comes here?" he demanded. He spoke mildly, and had half forgotten his pistol, as he felt an impression that they were not enemies.

"De Lord bress an' keep ye, mas'r! I'se poor ole Scipio; an' dis yer 's ole Hecuba wid me. She's cold an' tired; an' I'se 'fear'd she's well nigh done gone."

"Who is it?" cried the widow, coming to the door. "Is that old Scipio?"

"Yes, missus—it am me for sartin; an' dis yer's ole Hecuba wid me."

"I know them, Roderic. Let them come in."

"It needed not your order, mother," returned our hero, as he moved back from the door. "The man's voice would have been passport enough for me."

As he spoke he went back into the sitting-room, and relighted the candle, while the hostess ushered in the new-comers, and gave them seats near the fire. They were cold, and tired, and hungry; and while Maggie and her mother were preparing for their nourishment and comfort, the youth regarded them with a curious gaze.

Roderic had heard of these people often; and though they had been many times in that section, yet this was the first time he had ever seen them. Old Hecuba, the woman, was the object of chief interest. Through the Jerseys, and that part of Pennsylvania, her name was a household word, and nearly every one upon the highways knew her. Her age it would be difficult to determine. Some said she was very old, while others were confident that she was not over sixty. At all events, she had passed the meridian of life, as the deep and heavy marks of time gave ample token. In stature she was below the medium hight; somewhat bent in frame; but possessing a symmetry of form which had not yet been wholly overcome. Her face must once have been strikingly handsome, for even now, with all its weather-wear, its time-marks, and its wan attenuation, the features were of perfect mould, and the outline of harmony far from being destroyed. But this was apparent only to the close observer. He who simply glanced at her as she passed, would see a hag-like woman, with long matted hair hanging in grey masses far down over her shoulders; with sharp, witchy features; and a forbidding presence. Her garb was quaint and wild—a skirt of many colors; leggins of thick, red wool; a blanket, worn like a cloak, patched and repatched; while upon her head she wore a close-fitting cap, of thick network, very much like the so-called Scotch-cap which sailors wear. In her hand she bore a long staff, with a crook upon the upper end; and at her side she carried a haversack, suspended from the shoulder by a broad strap.

And such was Hecuba. Where she belonged, or whence she came, no one knew. Her own account was wild and fanciful, as was her name, and no one who spoke with her could place any faith in her sayings. For many years she had wandered up and down the land, seeking her bread from door to door—a poor, maniac woman. In disposition she was as harmless as a dove, even when her ravings were most wild.

The only companion she had ever been known to have was the old negro who now accompanied her. He was older than she, and watched over her with tender, anxious care. He did not always go with her. Sometimes, in the warmer months of the year, he went away to sea, and left her to wander alone; but when the chill of autumn came, and the frosts and snow were at hand, he returned to his charge, and watched over the poor wayfarer through the dangerous season.

Scipio was a faithful fellow, and he was about as well known in the country as was the maniac woman herself. He was at least three-score; tall, stout, and gaunt in frame; black as black could be; and wore a sailor's garb.

Roderic Glengyle was particularly interested in the appearance of Hecuba, and while she ate the food which the kind widow had provided, he watched her attentively. He had looked beneath her wild exterior, and had already detected those marks of female beauty which the touch of time and trouble had not effaced. He was more than interested. He was moved with deepest compassion and sympathy. By and by, when the wayfarers had finished their meal, and the table had been set back, Mrs. Burns introduced them to Roderic, upon which our hero arose and moved nearer to the fire. Scipio bowed most profoundly, and seemed very proud when the young man spoke to him. He said he had heard of Roderic Glengyle. But Hecuba did not at first betray any sign of interest in the new acquaintance thus forced upon her. As the name sounded upon her ear, she bent her head, and muttered incoherent words to herself. Finally, however, she looked up, and as her eye met Roderic's gaze, her attention seemed riveted.

"A fair and comely youth, most truly," she said. Her voice was low and plaintive, and of exquisite quality of tone; and when she spoke her eye was less wild, and her stare less vacant. "Roderic Glengyle," she continued, as though meditating. "It is a fair and comely name; but not half so fair as Paris, or Hector, or Polydorus. They were children of mine, sir; and most fair and comely they were. But beauty is a fearful thing. Paris was beautiful—the fairest of all the youths of Troy; and he destroyed us all. Alas! what a fate was that. Cursed be the hour when Paris was born. Better had it been had Priam put me from him, and taken the white bones of Arisba to his bed. But, the gods rule as they will, and it is not for us to oppose. Yet, fair sir, they lied when they said that I was changed into a dog. I never murdered the sons of Polymestor. I threw myself into the sea to escape the fate which mine enemies had planned for me; and in the sea I lived for many years. Good Scipio knows how truly I speak."

The negro, who never disputed the poor woman, gave a nod of assent, and she proceeded:

"Alas! how the years fly! my royal husband has been dead these many centuries; Troy is dead! O, why do I live! Why do the gods crumbled into dust, and faded from the face of the earth; and my children are dead—all, all force me to wander up and down the earth! It was not my fault that I bore Paris. Good Scipio, is the Winter almost passed?"

"Not yet, Hecuba. It'll be cold a good long time yet; but nebber fear. We'll find warm places for rest."

"No more rest for me. I am going! The angry gods cannot keep me here much longer." And as she thus spoke, she pressed her hands upon her brow, and swayed her body to and fro as though in pain.

"Ah," whispered Scipio, turning to the widow, who sat nearest to him, "she can't stand it much longer. I can see dat she be growin' weak an' faint. She don't walk as she used to. I'm berry much 'fear'd she's gwine to gib up 'fore long."

Mrs. Burns had noticed that the poor woman seemed more worn and weary than usual, and she proposed that she should retire at once.

"Good Hecuba," the hostess said, speaking with tender entreaty, "will you not go to bed? It will do you good to rest."

"I will," the wanderer replied, arising at once from her chair. She was upon the point of moving towards the window, when her eye rested upon Roderic, and she stopped. She gazed upon him a little while, and then went to his side, and laid her hand upon his head.

"Fair sir," she said, in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, "you look like Hector. Hector was my son, and the bravest of all the Trojan youths. I loved Hector, for he was my most dutiful child. And yet he disobeyed me in the end. I urged him not to meet Achilles; but he would not listen. Alas! thou canst not be Hector. No, no,—for I saw the cruel Greek drag his bruised and bleeding body over the crying stones. You are not Hector; but—my soul! how wondrously like unto him!"

It was but the raving of a maniac, and yet how powerful was it upon the youth. He trembled violently, and his heart beat painfully. There was something in the face of that wayward woman—something in the beam of her eye; in the soft, strange light of her countenance; and in the plaintive tones of her voice, that awoke a tumult in his soul. He did not reply to her, for she turned away as soon as she had spoken, and followed Mrs. Burns from the room. Maggie saw how deeply her lover was affected, and she moved to his side, and took his hand.

"O, Roderic, it must have been a bright and glorious intellect that sank into darkness when that poor woman lost her reason. She has talked somewhat strangely to you; but if you could hear her when the fits of inspiration are upon her, you would be wrapped in wonder. I like her. There is something in her face that pleases me. Is it not so with you?"

"Dear Maggie," replied the youth, "I cannot tell you how she has moved me. There is something wonderful in the power by which she has so deeply wrought upon my feelings. But who is she? What is her story?"

"I can tell you nothing which you have not already heard," returned Maggie, with a shake of the head. "The story which she tells of herself she has told to you to-night. It is always just so wild and fanciful."

At this juncture Mrs. Burns returned; and as she resumed her seat, she remarked that poor Hecuba was much weaker than she had ever seen her before.

"Yes," added Scipio, with much feeling, "she am berry low. I nebber seed her so afore. I don't see how she'll ebber git away from here. If you would take her, an' let her hab a home here, ole Scipio 'il go away to sea, an' earn money to pay you."

"Hold, a moment," said Roderic. "I have a thought. These two people would be safe enough here. Should the Tories come again, they would seek only us. May it not be best for them to remain, and take charge of the premises?"

This was indeed a question; and, after a little deliberation, it struck the hostess favorably. The whole thing was explained to Scipio; and after he had asked all the questions bearing upon the subject which could suggest themselves to his mind, he concluded that there could be no more danger to him and Hecuba in the cot than anywhere else in the country; and he finally agreed that he would stay.

"Every thing here," said Mrs. Burns, is at your service; and you will find plenty to eat and drink. You will take charge of the premises, and remain here until we are able to return."

"Which," added Roderic, "I hope will not be a great while."

"I'll stay," said Scipio; "an' I'll see to de cows an' de sheep jes' as though dey was mine. But, afore ye go—'fore Hecuba can see 'um—we must put dem dar dead folks out ob de way. Can't we bury 'um?"

"We will," replied Roderic. "We'll bury them in the sand, so that their friends may find them if they wish."

In accordance with this idea our hero lighted the lantern, and then he and Scipio went out into the back room. The old negro had seen too much of the world to be startled by the sight of a few dead men; and he went at the work as though it were nothing unusual. The corses were borne out to a sandy knoll, by the margin of the little stream, where a grave was dug. It was but a slight work to break through the frost; and after that the sand was thrown out easily. The dead bodies were thus buried, and then the men returned to the cot, where Scipio spent half an hour or more at scouring away the blood-marks from the floor.

A watch was kept through the night, and before the day had fairly broken those who were to leave were ready to set forth. The horse was at the door; and old Scipio had received his instructions touching the care of the animals in the barn. Hecuba had not yet arisen, and Mrs. Burns thought it best not to disturb her. She was sleeping soundly, and rest would do her good. And, moreover, she might not comprehend what was going on, even were she called to take leave of her departing friends.

"You have no fears?" said Roderic.

"Bress yer soul, no," was the negro's prompt answer. "Ebery body in dese yer parts knows ole Scipio, an' dey knows Hecuba, too, an' in course dey wouldn't do us no harm. Don't hab no fears on our 'count, mas'r. We'se well enough."

"If the Tories come," pursued our hero, "you can tell them just such a story as you please."

"Let me alone for dat. It 'pears to me, though, dat I'se gwine to tell pooty nigh de truf. I don't see why not."

"Nor can I," added Mrs. Burns.

"Yes," said Roderic, "the truth will serve you as well as anything."

"It's all right," responded Scipio, coming down to hold the horse, while Roderic assisted Mrs. Burns to the saddle. "Leave dis ole chap to hisself. He'll look out for breakers. Dat's it, missus. Now for Miss Maggie. Dar—dat's it. Now ye're all ready. Don't be afeared ob de cows, or de sheep, or anyt'ing ob dat sort."

The mother and daughter were safely seated upon the horse's back, and having bidden the old negro good-bye, they started off, Roderic walking by their side with his rifle upon his shoulder. Mrs. Burns had left her rifle for Scipio, but Maggie had taken her father's pistols with her. They had served her once, and they might serve her again.

At the distance of half a mile from the cot, a broad, well-trodden path turned off from the main road to the east, and this our party followed, it being the nearest way to Newtown. By and by the sun arose, bright and clear, and as the travellers moved on, their conversation turned upon the poor woman they had left behind. Roderic could not keep his thoughts from her.

"I don't know how it is," he said, "but that woman has awakened a sympathy in my bosom such as no stranger ever awoke before."

"It is because of your warm, generous heart," returned Maggie. "Her very misfortune pleads for her, and you cannot shut it out."

"It is more than that, Maggie. I have met people under misfortune before, and though I have sympathized with them, yet I have never felt towards them as I feel towards this poor, broken-minded woman. I must see her again. I am satisfied that hers is a strange history. I know, from her handling of classical lore, that she has been well educated, and further, there is in her countenance the light of a soul that cannot have been always under a cloud."

Both Maggie and her mother agreed with him, but they feared that the truth of Hecuba's life-story would never be known.

"Perhaps not," mused Roderic—"perhaps not. And yet more remarkable things than that have happened."

After this the conversation turned upon other things, and, without trouble or hindrance of any kind, the party reached the little village of Newtown, where they found quarters with an honest old blacksmith, named Moses Allen, with whom both Roderic and Mrs. Burns were well acquainted. The stout artizan took them into his house, and when he had heard their story—how they had met and killed a number of Tories—he embraced them with joy, and assured them that his roof should shelter them as long as they pleased. And his good wife was not behind her husband in the warmth of her welcome, for they were both patriots of the most devoted kind.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR HERO'S COMMAND.

Roderic Glengyle was anxious to see General Washington, for two reasons. First, he wished to inform him concerning the movements of the Tories, and, second, he had a great desire to have a personal introduction to the illustrious patriot. Moses Allen told him that he had better go directly to the general's quarters, and announce himself as having something of importance to communicate. "If he isn't pressed with business, he'll be sure to admit you," said the old smith; "and if he don't see you to-day, he will at some other time."

So, after dinner, Roderic went to the house which Washington occupied, and gave his name to the orderly, at the same time stating that he had important intelligence to communicate to the commander-in-chief. The orderly went away, and in a little while came back, and demanded to know the nature of the intelligence. Our hero told him that it was concerning certain bands of Tories that were being organized in that section to co-operate with Cornwallis. When the orderly next returned, he wished to know if an interview with the commander-in-chief would answer just as well in an hour from that time. Roderic said that it would, and then went away. At the expiration of the hour he again presented himself, and was soon ushered into the patriot chieftain's presence.

There were three men wearing imposing uniforms in the apartment, but the youth had no hesitation in selecting the man he wished most to see. The air of calm, conscious dignity; the open brow and the firm lip; the mild, yet full and expressive eye; and above all, the cast of paternal solicitude that overspread the handsome face, were indications not to be mistaken. Roderic bowed reverently before the great man, and suffered himself to be addressed before he spoke.

"This is Roderic Glengyle," said Washington.

"That is my name, sir."

"You belong in this section?"

"Yes, sir. My home has been with my uncle, at Waldvale."

"With John Glengyle?"

"Yes, sir."

The general cast a quiet, searching glance into the youth's face, and then reached over upon the table, and took therefrom a package of papers, one of which he drew out from the bundle, and opened it. He read a few moments, and then turning to his visitor, he remarked—

"I think this uncle of yours is no friend to the patriot cause."

"No, sir," replied Roderic, promptly. "He is a Tory of the most ultra kind, but I pray that you will not suffer the accident of my relationship to weigh against me. In that he is an enemy to my country he is an enemy to me, and henceforth I must so treat him. If I do wrong in thus turning against my own kin, I believe the greater right of remaining true to my country will give me ample absolution."

Washington was evidently pleased with the youth's speech, and also with his bearing, for he arose from his seat and extended his hand, and then introduced him to the two officers who were with him. They were generals Greene and Mercer. **Nathaniel Greene** and **Hugh Mercer**. Roderic Glengyle's heart swelled with new emotion as he greeted those brave men. He had heard of them—he had read the story of their glorious deeds—and, as he now stood before them, the very atmosphere of the place seemed the inspiration of Liberty. This ceremony over, and the visitor was invited to be seated.

There are times when even the most perfect of men are in better humor than at others. Had Roderic called upon Washington a few days before, his reception might have been different; not that it could have been so rough or unkind, but it could not have been so warm and frank, for at that time he had been harassed and worried far beyond the endurance of ordinary men. The soldiers were leaving his army—the rations were poor and meagre—the clothing scant—and the gaining of new recruits almost impossible. Near at hand was a powerful foe, who might in a very few days come pouring in overwhelming force across the river, and to meet this he had not even a respectable brigade. He knew what ought to be done, but he had no power to do it. He knew that he needed money and men, and that the money must come before the men could be obtained. And, farther: The eyes of the trembling patriots throughout the colonies were upon George Washington, and they looked to see him save them if he could. Most men would have thrown up their commission in despair under a like situation, but not so Washington. He bore bravely, hopefully up, sustaining the fearful weight of responsibility with firmness and decision, trusting that Congress would, ere long, come to his aid. He knew that there were some jarring elements in the Continental Congress, and that jealous, envious men were plotting against him. There were even men wearing the uniform of American generals who, beholding the sun of Washington's glory rising above them, sought to throw obstacles in his way, that they might keep pace with him, and, if possible, supercede him.

But the morning had dawned. Congress, almost upon the last day of its session in Philadelphia, had given George Washington all the power necessary to the carrying out of his cherished plans. In fact, they made him a Military Dictator, with authority to raise men and money on government's account. This had been done only a few days prior to the time of which we write; and already the result was being seen and felt. The commander-in-chief was now able to offer adequate bounties to all who would enlist, and his ranks were rapidly filling up. From Philadelphia, and from all the surrounding country, troops came flocking in, and thus the Patriot chieftain found his hands strengthened, and his hopes placed upon a more solid basis.

And so, when Roderic Glengyle came, with new word of cheer, he was received as we have seen. After he had taken a seat he told his story—told of his last interview with his uncle—of his meeting with the Tories on the road—and of the adventure in the widow's cot; giving therewith a detailed account of the heroic conduct of Maggie Burns.

"Truly," said Washington, with honest enthusiasm, "this Maggie Burns is a noble girl. Such deeds of heroism on the part of our women should stir the hearts of our men to glorious emulation."

And Greene and Mercer were also warm in their encomiums.

"But," pursued the commander-in-chief, addressing our hero, "you have started upon a brave career, and I suppose you wish to follow it out."

"Yes, sir," replied Roderic. "I have come to offer my services, and to pledge my life, if need be, to the good of my country. I hope that I can be of service."

"Aye, most truly can you," said Washington, regarding the youth with a look of admiration. "Have you ever studied military matters?"

"Yes, sir,—a great deal. For the last few years I have made that my chief study."

"And you are strong and dauntless?"

"My rifle has been my constant companion, and adventure my pastime."

"You know something of these Tories that are collecting about us?"

"Yes."

"I think I might trust you to march against them."

"It is the very thing I would like to do, sir. And, if a suggestion from me would not be out of place, I would offer one."

"Let us have it."

"If," said Roderic, modestly, "you will give me twenty good and reliable men, I will thin out these Tories for you. I know where they are to be found."

"When will you start?"

"The sooner the better. I would go this very night, if possible."

"Your Excellency," said General Mercer, "I have just the men for him,—a score or more, of the Chesapeake Rangers. They are afraid of nothing; are used to discipline; are tough and hardy; and will be true to their commander. I'll put one of them against half a dozen Tories, any time."

After a little consultation it was decided that Roderic should go with Mercer, and take the men he wanted; and, for the time, Washington gave him the authority of a captain. This latter movement was at the suggestion of Mercer, as he said that his men would feel better if they knew they were serving under one who had borne a commission from their commander-in-chief. Roderic promised that he would give a good account of his command, and then he arose to accompany the general.

"I have but one thing further to say," remarked Washington, as our hero was about to depart. "That you are brave I am very confident, but, in the business upon which you are now going—out among the homes of the people, where the innocent and the guilty may be side by side—it is necessary that you should be calm and discreet."

Roderic promised that he would remember; and then he followed General Mercer from the house. The quarters of the latter were at the house of a Mr. Keith, a little way out of the village, where the men were found. Mercer said that four-and-twenty would be a number small enough, and of course our hero did not oppose him. So four-and-twenty of the Chesapeake Rangers were called into the general's room, where they were introduced to Roderic, and the nature of the impending business explained to them.

Were they ready to go?—Aye,—they jumped at the chance as the wrecker jumps at the sound of the signal gun in a storm. And they seemed to like the looks of their young commander, too. But they liked him no better than he liked them. As they stood before him, and he saw the firm pressure of their lips, and the bold light of their eyes, he exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his soul,—

"With these men I'll march against all the Tories in our midst!" And then turning to the soldiers, he added,—

"Let us be true to each other, my men, and we'll not fail in our work."

They were with him, every soul of them; and from that time they were bound to him by more than mere military rule. They were mustered under his command by the general; and he was then introduced to the two officers who held rank in the company. The first was the lieutenant, named Alfred Tower,—a man not over thirty; of powerful frame, and of generous look. The next was the sergeant, a few years older than Tower, and named Mark Adam. All the men were of the right stamp, having been brought up to endure hardships and to face dangers; and they contemplated the enterprise before them with eager desire. It was arranged that they should be ready to follow their new commander as soon as it was dark; and after conversing awhile with Mercer, Roderic went back to the blacksmith's, where he told of his success.

Maggie was so much pleased that she said she must see the men before they went.

"But," suggested the smith's wife, who was true-hearted, but a little timid, "there may be danger. I hope Roderic will come back in safety. These Tories are sometimes desperate fellows."

"I was not thinking of his safety," returned Maggie, in a mild tone, but with a warm flush suffusing her fair face. "I was only thinking of the high duty that lays before him. Should he fall, no one would suffer at heart like Maggie Burns; but his death would be glorious, and his memory a rich inheritance to his friends. He has given me his love, but his country has a prior claim upon his life. Roderic," she added, turning toward him, and giving him her hand, "if you should fall, Maggie will take your place if she can."

"But, gentle one, I am not going to fall," replied the youth, drawing her nearer to him. "I have a presentiment that I shall live to do a good work. We will not think of failure, we'll think only of success."

"I don't think of failure, Roderic. It was only the remark of dame Allen that put the words into my mouth."

"And," added the dame, as though feeling that she would not be the one to throw chilling thoughts upon the occasion, "I only meant to look at both sides of the question. Certainly I should have no fears. I love Roderic, and I only meant——"

"That you would get him his supper before he went," interrupted her husband, who saw that she was getting bewildered.

"Of course I will," said the dame. "And," she continued, brightening up, "I hope I may get him a good many suppers."

With this she hurried away to her larder, and ere long the meal was ready, and the family sat up to the table. After supper Roderic buckled on his sword and took his pistols, and went away after his men. When he met them he found that they had all heard the story of Maggie Burns, and they were as anxious to see her as she was to see them. The general had related to them the circumstances of the maiden's adventure, and they were talking about it when their captain arrived.

It was just dusk when the company marched out from Mercer's quarters, each man armed with a musket and a brace of pistols; and Roderic led them at once to the dwelling of Moses Allen, where they were admitted to the large kitchen, and introduced to Maggie.

"I wanted to see you," she said, speaking with that warm frankness which has such a charm for the true soldier, "for Roderic Glengyle is a very dear friend of mine, and I was anxious to know the men who were to be his companions in arms. It is a simple word I have to say, but it may be worth as much as a longer prayer. As you go forth to your duty, my blessing goes with you, and my heart follows you in hope and trust."

Those rough, battle-scarred men gathered around the maiden, each anxious to take her hand; and when they swore that they were ready to lay down their lives for her at any moment of need, she believed them. She could not help believing them; for their looks, which could not lie, spoke more plainly than did their words.

A mug of the old smith's home-brewed ale, strengthened a little with old Jamaica, and warmed with a hot loggerhead, and then the party filed out from the house, and followed their leader with ready steps. The night was cold and dark, there being no moon, and more than half the stars obscured by clouds. By eight o'clock they reached the widow's cot, and Roderick crept on in advance. He listened a moment at the door, and then rapped. In a few moments the voice of Scipio was heard in answer, asking who was there; and when he heard the reply, he opened the door at once. The negro was alone, and Hecuba had retired.

But had there been any callers during the day?

Yes, Louis Griswold had been there, with a dozen men at his back.

"He come," said Scipio, "berry early dis mornin'; an' he war awful ravin' when he found you war gone. I tole him jes' how you'd gone, an' all about it; an' he said if he could cotch ye, he'd hang ye up to a tree. He was mighty 'tickeler 'bout eberyt'ing dat had happened; an' he looked fro' de house, too; but he didn't offer to hurt me nor poor ole Hecuba. He went down de road a piece—'bout half an hour—an' den come back. Den he went out an' seed whar we'd buried de dead men; an' den he went off de same way he come."

Roderic could gain no more information from the negro; and having called up his men he explained to them what had transpired, and then added:

"The Tories are evidently at Waldvale, and thither we will turn our steps. We shall find some of them there, I am sure."

"And if we find them, they are ours," cried Tower, in which promise the others all joined.

Again they took up their line of march, and at the end of an hour they reached the edge of Waldvale park. It was now past nine o'clock, and the clouds, which had been light and fleecy during the early part of the evening, were growing in size and density, and the wind was rising. It was a favorable night for their work, but it had not yet been decided exactly how they would proceed. Roderic and his lieutenant had just drawn apart for consultation, when one of the men, who stood a little in advance of his companions, gave a quick, low note of alarm:

"*Hist!*—Somebody is coming!"

"Which way!"

"Hark!—Down the road."

Roderic listened a moment, and as soon as he heard the approaching footsteps, he bade his men stand back out of sight, where they could be ready at his call.

"There seems to be but one person coming," he said; "and it may be one from whom we can gain information. At all events, he must be our prisoner for awhile."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT

WHAT A WIFE CAN DO.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Two young ladies sat in a pleasant chamber, engaged in earnest conversation. They were sisters, though no stranger, judging by their features and manners, would have supposed them to be connected by any ties of blood.

The one, a blonde of the purest type, tall, voluptuously formed, languid, or more truly inert, leaned back and swayed herself gently in an immense cushioned rocking-chair. Her hands lay listlessly upon her lap, and though she spoke fluently, her countenance scarcely lighted up with a gleam of interest, and the perfect passivity of her air betrayed her disinclination for all physical effort. The other sister, of medium size, dark, slight, every movement displaying the restless energy of her character, seemed busily as she talked. Her hands were never, one moment, idle; face, figure, entire personality were full of vivid expression and action, that emphasized and gave force to her words. There was no repose in her character, while that of her sister had no action. The sisters seemed each the exact complement of the other. The one, toned down by her languor, the extreme energy of the other; and, unlike as they were, perhaps because of that unlikeness, the warmest and most devoted attachment existed between them. At the respective ages of eighteen and twenty they had been wooed and won. They were to be married on the same day, and that day, concerning which they had been talking, was now fast approaching.

"I shall keep no servant," said Charlotte, the younger sister. "A laundress, one day in the week, can do all the mere drudgery of so small a household; and it will be only a pleasure, and no more than sufficient employment for my time, to perform the regular duties of housekeeping——"

Her sister lifted her languid eyebrows with a passing expression of surprise, and interrupted, to say:

"You cannot mean that you are going to turn cook and housemaid surely, Charlotte. I hope you will not degrade yourself by any such freaks You have never done such things in your father's house, and it would be preposterous to commence them in your husband's."

"What do you expect to be—a wife or a plaything?" asked Charlotte, drily. "Because, if you are the one, you have duties and responsibilities no less binding than those which James assumes. You are just as much bound to aid, assist, cheer and encourage him, as he is to give you support and maintenance."

"A fine doctrine for you, who love to work; but one that I, by no means subscribe to. Of course, I mean to be a kind and loving wife to James; but if I look after the servants, he will provide me with, I shall think my duty and responsibility fulfilled. Besides he will have five thousand dollars from papa, on our wedding day, and the furniture of our house."

"So will Henry; but that absolves neither him nor me from the necessity of labor and economy."

"Well, I shall not trouble myself to look at the subject."

So saying, Clara, to whom the discussion was, by no means, pleasant, as she had sense enough to see that her sister was nearer right than herself, exerted herself sufficiently to leave her rocking-chair and the room. Charlotte remained behind, putting the finishing touches to one article after another of Clara's wardrobe. Her own had been, for some time, in an entire state of readiness, and she was now supplying the deficiences of her sister's inertness. A tear or two fell from her dark eyes as she watched the retreating form, and her countenance was very sad. But her only words were, "And James is just as careless and thoughtless as she! What will their future be?"

* * * * * * *

The éclat and excitement of the weddings were over, and the two married pairs had returned from their short bridal tour, and were settled in their own homes, which, by the mother's careful supervision, had been made quite ready for them.

One morning, a week after their return, Clara came down to the breakfast-room about nine o'clock, where James had been impatiently waiting for her more than an hour.

"You are late, love," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "I ought to have been at the Bank before this time. I told you it was necessary for me to have breakfast at eight o'clock."

"Well, was it not ready?" Clara asked, as she languidly seated herself. "I am sure I told the cook to have it at eight."

"Yes, it was, I believe. I think the cook is punctual, but I did not wish to eat alone."

"But you will have to always, if you must breakfast at eight. I never rose till nine at home, and I shall be ill all day if I attempt it."

James looked disappointed. He thought his young wife might have made the exertion for the sake of a cheerful meal with him in the morning. But he said nothing, swallowed his food in haste, and was soon on his way to the Bank.

Clara dawdled at the table until the cook came to get her orders for dinner. The conference ended by the dispath of that functionary to market, attended by the errand boy, with carte blanche as to purchases; and Clara went up stairs to practice a little upon the piano, to gaze a long time from the window, and idle away the hours. At dinner a repast was served sufficient for ten hungry men, and at a cost which would tell severely in the monthly bills.

In the meantime how had Charlotte passed her day. At half past seven she had called her husband to the nice breakfast table prepared by her own hands.

At nine o'clock Charlotte's kitchen and dining-room were in the most exact order. By half past nine she had made her chamber a very temple of neatness, and was ready, in her straw bonnet and little gray cloak, to go to market. By half past ten she had reached home again, and was ready to seat herself at her sewing.

She had already commenced to put Henry's wardrobe in complete order, and had ordered home materials for a set of shirts, which her own busy fingers were to prepare. She had also an interesting book which she found time to read, when tired of work.

So passed the day, until it was time to prepare dinner. This, though rather hard work, was done with such will and energy that obstacles vanished, and when Henry returned the dishes were ready, and she, with wrapper laid aside, neatly arranged hair, and pretty muslin dress, looked as little as possible like a cook, as she took her place at the head of the table.

With such different household arrangements, such different plans and purposes, the fates of these wedded pairs can cause no surprise in the minds of any who follow them to the end. Ten years have elapsed since their marriage day. James, careless, thoughtless, too fond of his wife to reprove or remonstrate, too ignorant of the exact trouble to prevent it by any wise means, soon found himself in an embarrassed condition. He was irregular in his attendance at business, and made no advance in position or salary. Little by little the five thousand dollars were withdrawn to meet pressing necessities. Then came debts, desperate efforts on his part to institute a reform somewhere, first at home, since there seemed to lie the trouble chiefly; efforts met always by languid or stolid indifference on the part of his wife, who would not dismiss a servant, or forego a luxury.

Distraction and trouble led to dissipation, crime followed drunkenness, and he fled from his country to avoid arrest for forgery.

He is supposed to be in California, or one of the Central American States now, and Clara and her three children have taken up their abode in her father's house. As inert as a mother, as she was in her girlhood, Clara sits all day in the pleasant chamber, where we first saw her, now the nursery, and still makes no greater exertion than the monotonous swaying of her chair, while her children scream and squabble around her unheeded.

But the position of Henry is as materially changed for the better, as that of James for the worse. Steady, persevering industry, unfaltering integrity, and a correct life, have led to advancement. He is now an acknowledged and influential partner in the firm, which, under his guidance, has greatly enlarged its operations, and increased its wealth. At every step in his career he has been aided by his active, prudent, energetic wife. Charlotte is the mother of four children, and she no longer plays the part of cook or chambermaid. But she manages and directs all the expenditures of her household, and is as efficient as its head only, as even when she was its hand also. Truly may her husband say that "her price is above rubies;" while the poor and wretched wanderer, exiled forever from home and country, curses the day that allied him to the weak and selfish woman whose extravagance has hurried him to his ruin.

Silencing a Bishop.—Jarvis, the painter, was painting Bishop ——, and the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated course into which he had fallen. Jarvis, dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of his face, said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "Just shut your mouth, bishop!" By painting upon that feature, he "changed the subject."

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge—to act—to view;
For all things here have double birth,
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small—
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense,—
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish—no impulse—to complain,—
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets,—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor fallen Power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
Are gauds—it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find nought to please—or to exalt;
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And *twice* enjoy the joy they *share!*

Oh, happy they who happy *make!*—
Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest!—
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive—in all things—for the best!

A MILLIONAIRE'S REVENGE.

"To a Stout Heart nought is Impossible."

CHAPTER I.

After the fatal battle of Agincourt, the English became masters of the northern parts of France, which, instead of being united in order to oppose the common enemy, was the spoil for which the two factions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs were contending, giving rise to constant revolts, massacres and general anarchy. In the latter end of the year 1418, the Dauphin, Charles, son of the unfortunate and imbecile Charles VI., while going about from one town to another, accompanied by his chief partisans, the Armagnacs—who, having proclaimed him regent of the kingdom, were making use of his name for their own ambitious ends—made a short stay at Bourges, situated in the province of Berri, on the slope of a hill watered by the Auron, just where it receives no less than five smaller streams. This visit of the Dauphin to Bourges marks the date of our story.

In a narrow, dingy street of that ancient city, stood a small house, the lower part of which served as a shop, wherein might be seen a collection of all sorts of skins and furs of different wild animals. It was late in the morning. Inside the shop sat an old man, and a youth barely twenty years of age. The former had his eyes fixed with a wistful, anxious gaze upon the young man, who, his elbow resting upon the counter, and his head supported in his hand, seemed wrapt in thought, and quite unconscious of the scrutiny of which he was the object. The features of the youth were handsome, and there was something noble and daring in their expression; yet the small, black, sparkling eyes, somewhat sunken, and sheltered by thick eyebrows, and the pointed chin, denoted a large mixture of acuteness, penetration and reflection, while the high, well-shaped forehead gave an air of singular intelligence to his countenance.

Jacques, for that was the young man's name, in reply to a remark by the old man, said:

"Hold, father, you wrong the lady Isabeau. It is time that I should explain. You know how kindly the sire de Mennetou has treated me since the day on which I saved his daughter, three years since, from perishing in the Auron, when the boat upset; that I was often allowed to accompany the hunting parties, and take a share in the sports and pastimes celebrated at holidays. The frequent opportunities I had of seeing the lady Isabeau, worked a thorough change in all my ideas and feelings; I soon discovered that what I felt for her was love. I tried to smother this rising passion; I reasoned with myself; but in spite of my best efforts, love got the better of my judgment, and wound itself around my heart in folds that became closer and closer every day. The lady was ever kind to me, but never gave the slightest evidence of a reciprocal feeling. This, and her naturally dignified manners, checked my emotions when in her presence, but could not blunt the keen edge that cut deep into my heart. Whether she ever remarked aught that might lead her to suspect the truth, I know not, but it was only yesterday that I ventured, perhaps unconsciously, to give her an inkling thereof. I thought she encouraged my first advances, which led me to express my ardent devotion to her. At first she started, and drew herself up; a cloud passed over her brow, and the color rose to her cheek. Her look daunted me; I became confused, and inwardly cursed my presumption, when, on a sudden, her expression changed; she smiled, and spoke a few words half upbraidingly, half jestingly, which inspired me with renewed courage. I had scarcely spoken a few words ere she moved away, saying, with a smile, 'Jacques, not many placed as you are would have made bold to speak as you have spoken to me; but I like a brave heart, and one who is ready to despise the obstacles in his path. My father is proud, you know, but he has never said nay to me. Be of good cheer, and come to me to-morrow two hours after noon.' And now I am going. Ere many hours I will know whether felicity is to be my lot in this world."

* * * * * * * * *

On the arrival of Jacques Cœur, at the appointed hour, at the hotel or mansion in which the Sire de Mennetou resided when at Bourges, he was surprised to find that the servants appeared to have been prepared for his visit, for they conducted him with all outward show of respect and ceremony to a large reception hall, where he was requested to await the coming of their noble mistress. This conduct on the part of the lackeys towards one of his mean station, filled Jacques with astonishment; he scarcely knew in what light to view it, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

In a few minutes two large doors at the upper end of the room were thrown open, and the lady Isabeau, in rich apparel, entered the apartment, giving her hand to a man about forty, of a noble and martial bearing, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen, whilst, at the same time, a number of attendants made their appearance by another door at the lower end of the room, where they stationed themselves. Isabeau appeared to be about eighteen or twenty years of age, and possessed great beauty and symmetry of person; but her loveliness was marred by an unmistakable expression of pride and haughtiness.

Jacques was so bewildered and confused at thus suddenly finding himself in such company, that he well nigh lost his head, and his first impulse was to effect as rapid a retreat as might be; but when he saw the crowd of lackeys, through which he would have to pass, he remained where he was, wishing himself a thousand feet below ground.

"Welcome to our house, Monsieur Jacques Cœur," said the Sire de Mennetou, for such was he who led Isabeau by the hand; "and in what can we be of service to our friend?"

This disconcerted Jacques beyond measure; he became agitated, stammered out a few inaudible words, and remained silent, feeling much as if a qualm had taken him.

"Well, since he will not speak, or his courage fails him, I must needs do so for him," said Isabeau, with an expression of the most cutting sarcasm. "*Messires*, my honored father has requested your presence in a matter of importance. And, first, let me ask you: Suppose a *bourgeois* were to ask the trifling favor of the hand of one of your daughters or sisters, what would be your answer?"

"I'd make him swing by the neck from the highest tower of my castle!" cried the young and impetuous Sire George de la Trémoille, scion of one of the noblest houses of France."

"I'd make him spend a day on the pillory," said the more humane François de Montberon.

"Nay, I'd be content to have him whipped by my varlets," said the noble lady Jeanne de Vendôme.

"So, so, my noble friends, be not too harsh," said Isabeau, in the same tone as before, "methinks there is a better way to deal with such a matter. Here stands *messire* Jacques Cœur, son and heir to the high and puisant Pierre Cœur, noble bourgeois and lord of the furriers of Bourges, who, having deigned to cast his eye upon Isabeau of Mennetou-Salon, now comes to demand her hand in marriage——"

The lady's speech was here cut short by roars of laughter, interlarded with sundry sarcastic sallies from the nobles, and coarser jokes from the menials.

Jacques Cœur stood with folded arms, and head erect, gazing upon those who were thus making merry at his expense; the glow of confusion and shame that erewhile sat upon his cheeks, had given place to a deadly pallor; there was a perceptible tremor throughout his frame, not the effect of fear, but of mortification and stifled rage; his bosom heaved, and his lip curled in sign of contempt and defiance.

"Young man," said the sire of Mennetou, perceiving the attitude of the *bourgeois*, which he had little expected, "I hope the lesson may be of use to you hereafter. Others might have dealt hardly with you; but your youth, and a service you once rendered me and my house, plead in your defence. Now go in peace, and remember that wert thou the owner of the most splendid palace in Bourges, the possessor of many manors—nay, hadst thou won a province for our distressed monarch, or driven the haughty English back to their own shores, thou couldst not thereby wipe out the stain of thy mean birth; therefore never presume to aspire to mix thy low blood with that of a noble race, else beware thou fare not something worse——"

"Enough, messire!" cried Jacques, no longer able to contain himself. "You and your proud daughter have thought to humble me; but I look upon my birth as no stigma; nor was ambition that which impelled me in my course. Your lesson, as you are pleased to call it, has taught me this much: that excessive pride, and sarcasm kill beauty, grace, and all the qualities that alone make woman loveable. Proud lady, your taunts and sneers have opened my eyes and set my heart free, for which I am beholden to you. And you, noble counsellors, convoked for the purpose of deriding a poor plebeian, learn from me that all are not so blind but that they know how often a haughty mien and boastful words serve to cover crime and infamy."

Till now the humor of the company had not passed the bounds of ridicule and derision; but the last words of Jacques were received by a volley of oaths, and several of the enraged nobles rushed forward to chastise the bold youth.

"Hold, my lords!" cried he of Mennetou, "this were too much honor for the insolent knave. Here, ye varlets, take him to the river side and duck him well, till he cry for mercy; but I charge ye, do him no bodily injury, else look to yourselves."

Jacques was laid hold of by the menials, amidst the general mirth of the nobles and the vulgar jests of their inferiors. As they hurried him along the street, surrounded by a crowd that was rapidly increasing, a cavalcade made its appearance, coming in an opposite direction.

"The Dauphin! the Dauphin!" shouted several voices; whereupon a halt was made.

He who rode in advance of the others, was a youth about 15 or 16 years of age: benevolence blended with a sort of heedlessness was the general expression of his countenance.

"What violence is this?" cried he, as he came up to the crowd.

A few words from several voices sufficed to inform him of the punishment to which Jacques was about to be subjected, while leaving him ignorant of the particulars.

"Unhand the lad, I say," cried the Dauphin in a peremptory tone; which command was instantly obeyed. "Go tell the sire of Mennetou that I shall not suffer the good citizens of my faithful towns and burghs to be thus roughly handled by his varlets. If there be cause of complaint against any one of them, let him be served with a summons. The nobles must bear in mind that they have no authority in chartered towns, where the citizens are as free as they."

"Long live the Dauphin, our magnanimous Regent!" shouted the crowd waving their caps in the air, while the bevy of crest-fallen varlets slunk away, lest evil should befall them.

"A blessing on you, noble prince. God grant that the humble bourgeois may some day be able to prove his gratitude," murmured Jacques, as Charles brushed by him, while the crowd opened to let him pass. The prince heard the words, turned his head, nodded, and smiled in his usual listless manner.

CHAPTER II.

Years glided away. The sorry abode of the furrier, Pierre Cœur, and others that surrounded it, had disappeared; in their place now stood a stately pile, one of the most magnificent structures of the age, which became a model for the architects of the middle of the fifteenth century, and which may be seen to this day. Over the portals were engraved the arms of the owner, with the following motto in old French: "A VAILLANS CUER RIEN IMPOSSIBLE; i. e., "*To a stout heart nought is impossible.*" This princely mansion belonged to Jacques Cœur. The son of the humble furrier of Bourges, was now the wealthiest man in Europe, ennobled with a seat at the council-board of the nation, and at the zenith of power. And how had all this come to pass? The particulars are unknown. Jacques Cœur's rapid rise to opulence was even a mystery to his contemporaries, the most credulous of whom were willing to suppose that he had discovered the philosopher's stone. The facts, as far as they are known, are these. His father left him some capital, and Jacques formed a partnership with the two brothers Godart. At that period the commerce of France was extremely limited, none whatever existing with distant countries, while Florence, Genoa and Venice possessed the undisputed monopoly of the eastern trade. The bold and enterprising Jacques Cœur, after visiting these mercantile cities, where he learned much that was of use to him for the furtherance of the gigantic commercial undertaking he had conceived, set out for Egypt and Syria, where he travelled for some time, and succeeded in forming relations with the princes and traders of those countries. On his return, he established himself at Montpelier with his partners, who, dying in 1439, left him the sole manager, as he had formerly been the chief member of the firm. He had a fleet of twelve ships employed exclusively in the trade with the Levant, and Jacques Cœur was soon the only medium whereby France was supplied with the rich products of that part of the world; which, while filling his own coffers to overflowing, caused a considerable depreciation in the trade carried on by the Italian cities. The greater part of the coin in France passed through the hands of the furrier's son; and three hundred agents were in his employ, residing in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, while his personal influence with the Mahometan potentates was greater than that of any European prince.

The Dauphin, whom we introduced at the close of the last chapter, was now King Charles VII. In 1435 he called the great and successful merchant from his abode in the south of France, and soon afterwards the management of the financial affairs of the kingdom was placed in his hands. Jacques Cœur acted in his public capacity according to the same principles which had guided him in his private concerns, *i. e.*, that "honesty is the best policy;" and the consequence was that the finances of France emerged from a state of chaos to comparative prosperity, which, together with the money gratuitously advanced by Jacques Cœur himself, furnished the king with the resources necessary for driving the English from the French soil, which they had occupied, in great part, since 1415. In consideration of the immense services he had rendered to his prince and country, Jacques Cœur received, in 1440, letters of nobility for himself and his descendants. His brother Nicholas was made Bishop of Luçon; his only daughter was married to the son and heir of the Lord of Mareuil et Saint-Palaie; and upon his eldest son, John, was conferred the investiture of the Archbishopric of Bourges. Notwithstanding the edicts, which prohibited those persons occupying public posts from engaging in commercial pursuits, an exception being made in his favor, Jacques Cœur was permitted to continue his business, the profits of which had proved of such signal advantage to the nation. His wealth was proverbial: it was no longer customary to say, as rich as Crœsus, but as rich as Jacques Cœur. It was said that his horses were shod in silver, but this saying was no doubt hyperbolic. His estates were vast, and scattered all over the country. He purchased more than forty lordships and baronies, and possessed two palaces in Paris, two in Bourges, and as many in Montpelier, besides a great number of houses in the principal cities of France. The use he made of his boundless wealth is a proof of the noble impulses of his soul. He endeavored to promote and develop the material resources of his country; he patronized the fine arts, which had been neglected of late; and their revival in France is in part to be ascribed to him; but, above all, when the liberty and independence of his fatherland were at stake, he stopped at no sacrifice. In 1448 he made the king—for whom he entertained a sincere affection—a loan, without interest, of 200,000 crowns of gold, an enormous sum for those times, for the deliverance of Normandy; and by this means, within one year, the last stronghold of the English in France was wrested from their grasp. Jacques Cœur had, moreover, been employed on many commissions of great importance and honor, such as the administration of Languedoc, an embassy to the Pope, conveyed in his own ships, etc. Honored by the intimacy of his sovereign, having a voice in the affairs of the kingdom, ennobled, and the most opulent man of the age, Jacques Cœur was a power in himself, beloved and respected by the bourgeoisie, whose importance he had enhanced by his own advancement, and inwardly hated by the needy nobles, who nevertheless cringed to him, and borrowed his money. Such was the man with whom, after a lapse of thirty-two years, we are about to renew our acquaintance, while he sits in one of the apartments of his splendid mansion at Bourges.

Jacques Cœur, whose charge at court was that of *Argentier* (Superintendent of the Expenses of the Royal Household), was somewhat altered in looks since last we saw him. His manner was more quiet and calm he had acquired a greater command over himself; his glance was more penetrating, and there was at times, as it were, a mystic play of the lips, often seen in those whose pursuits in life have obliged them to keep a strict guard over their speech; but the noble and daring look which distinguished the youth was still visible in the man of mature age, though united to more dignity of manner. The successful merchant and financier was seated in a large, heavy arm-chair, richly ornamented with many quaint carvings, listening to an individual, who, seated at a small table close by, was reading from a long roll of parchment, while several other documents lay on the table. This was a register of the different sums Jacques Cœur had laid out in the purchase of lands, in loans and even gifts of money. As the secretary called out the different names and amounts, a smile of satisfaction would often light up the features of the great capitalist, especially when the names of dukes, counts, marshals, and other great personages were mentioned: more than one of the royal children of France were among his debtors.

"To my lord of La Trémoille, the sum of 20,000 crowns of gold for the lordships of Saint-Fageau, La Couldre, La Vau, Mézilles, and the baronies of Toucy and Pérouse *ès pays de Puisaie*," said the secretary.

"That was a great bargain, Stephen," said Jacques Cœur, rubbing his hands with evident gratification. "I was hard on La Trémoille. I once heard this proud noble talk of hanging the bourgeois from the pinnacle of his castle. I never forgot those boastful words, and when, in later times, finding himself sorely in want of money, he sent to beg a loan of the bourgeois, I refused. He then offered these estates, which I likewise refused. At length he came in person; I reminded him of a certain scene in which he and I had played a part; he either had forgotten it, or pretended as much, but failed not to offer all due apologies; I was no longer the petty tradesman, I was now the noble *Messire* Jacques Cœur. Finally, I took his lands at my own price. He is one of the few against whom I bear a real grudge, but he returns it with a vengeance; I look upon him as my greatest enemy, for he hates me as I were Satan himself. Proceed, Stephen."

"To Messire François de Montberon and the lady Jeanne de Vendôme, Damoiselle de Mortaing, his wife, on the 1st of May, 1438, a loan of 2000 crowns of gold; item, on the 13th September, 1440, 2000 crowns; item, on the——"

"Never mind, Stephen; I know the total amount, 'tis 6000 crowns. Poor Montberon is dead; he once served me an ill turn, yet I forgave him, for after all he was not a bad man. But his widow is one of my capital enemies, no doubt because she is indebted to me in this sum."

Stephen was about to resume, when an attendant entered.

"There is one without who would speak with you, Messire," said the valet, making a profound obeisance.

"And who is it that seeks me?" asked Jacques Cœur.

"He refused his name; he is well stricken in years, and bears himself like one of noble birth; a lady accompanies him," replied the valet, who was a stranger in Bourges, having accompanied his master from court.

"Conduct them hither."

The servant retired, and in a few minutes the strangers were ushered into the apartment.

"The sire of Mennetou!" exclaimed Jacques Cœur, surprised.

"Messire Jacques Cœur?" said the visitor, scanning his host as if in doubt.

"Your servant, Messire," replied Jacques; "I see you have some difficulty in recognizing one with whom you were formerly well acquainted."

"Ay, ay—there can be no doubt; this is my old friend, Jacques Cœur," said the old man, seizing the hand of the king's *argentier*. "And here stands my daughter; unveil thyself, Isabeau."

The lady, who was arrayed in mourning, obeyed her father's injunction, and displayed the face of a matron of some forty-five or fifty years of age. Those were in truth the features of the lofty Isabeau of former days, as full of arrogance as ever, but wrinkles had made sad havoc with her maiden beauty, and sorrow and suffering had done their work, leaving many traces of their passage. At first, the blood rushed to the cheeks of Jacques; his brow knit, and a smile of malicious sarcasm passed over his face; it lasted but a moment, however. The expression of scorn and anger subsided into one of pity, and, making a reverence, he invited his visitors to be seated.

"Many years are passed, and many changes have taken place since last we met," observed he.

Isabeau merely bowed in assent, while her father replied: "Too true, Messire. To you fortune has been lavish in her gifts; to us she has proved harsh beyond measure. The war has reduced me to the lowest ebb, and my daughter, having married a man who bore a good name, but showed himself a bad husband, is left a widow, after twenty years of sorrow, with a meagre jointure scarcely worth two hundred livres per annum. We come to claim the bounty of——"

"One, you would say, perhaps, who has the most splendid palace in Bourges, who possesses many manors, who has been the chief means of winning a large province, and driving the English back to their own shores, but who, withal, has not yet been able to wipe out the indelible stain of mean birth. My memory is not at fault, is it, Messire?" said the *argentier*, with a significant smile.

"It is but too faithful, Messire; but I would fain believe that your resentment may prove less constant than your memory."

"And what can the base-born Jacques Cœur do to serve the noble Sire de Mennetou?"

"My three estates of Mennetou-Salon, Berleu and Yvoi, which were mortgaged several years ago, have been seized by my creditors, and I crave a loan whereby to redeem them, which——"

"Impossible," said Jacques.

"What? With security of future payment?"

"Impossible," repeated Jacques Cœur.

"And may I know the reason?" asked the old nobleman, with evident mortification.

"Because those estates must and shall be mine. I intend to bid for them, and who can outbid me?"

"The base soul of the *roturier* still lurks under the glitter of the upstart. Come, father, let us begone; we should never have come hither," said Isabeau, with a look of withering scorn, as she rose from her seat.

"What is the amount of the debt on those estates?" asked Jacques Cœur of the old man, in a very quiet tone, pretending not to have noticed the words and action of Isabeau.

"Eight thousand crowns," said the nobleman.

"And what value do you put on the lands themselves?"

"Twelve thousand crowns, more or less."

"And would you take double that amount, after the mortgage is paid?"

Both father and daughter opened their eyes wide, and stared in wonder at the merchant, who stood their gaze with the greatest impassibility.

"And who would agree to such a bargain, and thus enable me to disencumber the remainder of my estates, raising me and my child again to comparative prosperity?" asked the father of Isabeau.

"Your humble servant, Jacques Cœur.'

"O! my generous friend, let the past be forgotten. I once ventured to give you a lesson; but that which I have just received conveys more solid instruction, showing that the true title to nobility lies not in the blood, but in the heart;" and the patrician lord embraced his plebeian compeer; but his daughter was cold and disdainful, as she stood aloof in silence.

"Messire," said Jacques Cœur, with a smile, "good luck sometimes lies at the root of misfortune. Many years ago, and under your roof, I was forced to pay a heavy tribute to my own simplicity; but it turned out to be a marvellous good investment; and credit me, when I say, that the ability of doing you this trifling service, is not the least of the gratifications I have experienced from my change of fortune. Two hours hence the deeds shall be taken to you for signature, and the money delivered. Lady," continued he, addressing Isabeau, "this is my revenge."

In July, 1451, this remarkable man fell a victim to the most atrocious calumnies, heaped upon him by those that hated him for his wealth; among the most conspicuous of whom were George de la Trémoille and Jeanne de Vendôme, characters known to the reader. Cast into prison, and brought before judges expressly commissioned from among his bitterest enemies, Jacques Cœur was sentenced to an enormous fine, amounting to 400,000 crowns, besides the confiscation of all his real and personal estate, which was for the most part sold to his persecutors at low prices. His loving wife died of a broken heart during the imprisonment of her husband, who, aided by one of his commercial agents, effected his escape about the year 1453, and went to Rome, where he was well received by the Pope, his personal friend, who even extended to him the hospitality of his palace. Fortunately, part of the riches of Jacques Cœur was out of France, and many of his agents proving honest, gave him an account of the funds in their possession, so that the fugitive still had large resources at his command. He died in the island of Chio, in November, 1456, while in command of part of the fleet sent against the Turks. The following year, the king of France rendered a tardy justice to the memory of one, than whom he had never had a more loyal and useful subject, by reversing the unjust sentence and restoring in favor of his heirs a small remnant of the confiscated estates. But, nevertheless, Charles VII. will ever be held by posterity as one given to the crying sin of ingratitude; all know how it fared with Jeanne d'Arc, the maid of Orleans.

F. F. F.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The stillness of midnight seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of time.

No manna is now rained from heaven in the wilderness, for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. Of all the words ever syllabled by human lips the most blessed is charity.

Disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the prophet in the wilderness.

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less cant and more piety; less law and more justice.

The people are as the sea, and demagogues as the winds; the sea would be calm and quiet enough if the winds didn't trouble it.

Infants are sometimes tongue tied; what a pity that a large proportion of our adults are not so likewise.

If man is, as Burns calls him, "the god of the dog," we have seen many a dog seize his god irreverently by the calf of the leg.

A fashionable woman's dress almost buoys her up. So a woman, like a turkey, weighs less when she is dressed than when she isn't.

If the tips of a man's fingers are three feet from his shoulder, he is furnished, like a ship, with a yard-arm.

If you can't coax the fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

Give your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

Majestically mournful are the words "no more." They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines.

We touch not a wire but it vibrates in eternity, and there is not a voice that reports not at the throne of heaven.

The tall mountains are the sublime apostles of nature, whose surplices are snows, and whose sermons are avalanches.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

Few persons are worth loving who have not something in them worth laughing at.

If we carry not the beautiful within us, we may travel over the world in vain search of it.

One of the greatest robbers is temperance, for it robs the poor house and the prison of their victims.

There are as many kinds of silence as there are of conversation or any sort of noise making.

It is not considered a very painful malady when the bosoms of young lovers have the heaves.

Present your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet *for the present*.

It is always excusable to "put the cart before the horse" if your horse travels backwards.

Indulge in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humor.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow, is the wind.

A gentleman would much rather be kicked by a gun than by a "son of a gun."

If you want warm rolls in the morning without charge, take them in bed.

The only riches we can carry with us into another world are the riches of the soul.

Few of our ladies have travelled much, yet all of them have taken tea in China.

It is a bold stroke to stroke a lion's mane.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A gentleman, who was out hunting recently in Kansas, heard his dog yelping and whining at some distance, and on going to see what was the matter, he found a large blacksnake coiled around the poor brute's neck, and actively engaged in choking him to death. The gentleman could not, of course, fire upon the reptile without endangering his dog's life, nor could he frighten it away, and so had to seize the obstinate snake by the head, and decapitate it with his knife.

An aged man, said to be eighty-four years old, in attempting to cross Broadway just above Courtlandt street, the other day, got entangled among the throng of vehicles, was knocked down by an omnibus pole, and badly injured by being trampled upon by the horses. Persons of weak limbs and weak nerves, the very old and the very young, should not attempt to cross Broadway during the vehicular high tide without proper assistance.

A Mississippi boatman, named Bill Hawkins, an honest and good-hearted fellow, but a man of great prowess in a fight, was set upon by a gang of desperadoes near Natchez, who had felonious intentions upon both his money and his life, but the boatman soon settled the whole of them with an iron bar that he chanced to have in his hand, and left them lying in a bloody heap in the road.

It is stated in a Missouri paper that a Mormon taxgatherer called upon a tough old trapper, who lived within his "circuit," for taxes imposed by Brigham Young for some purpose or other; the trapper listened to his demand quietly, and then said, with a grim smile: "Jus' so; call on me a week from to-day, and *I'll pay you in Mormon scalps!*" The tax-gatherer had not returned at the latest accounts.

A young lady, about nineteen years old, was accosted near Washington Square, one evening recently, by a couple of well-dressed ruffians, who used insulting language and were about to offer her violence, when a soldier came along with his gun and bayonet, and seeing that something wrong was going on, "charged bayonet" upon the ruffians, and drove them from the field.

About a dozen rowdies, who were prowling along Canal street near midnight lately, got into a quarrel among themselves about something, and began to use knives freely, but a couple of policemen dashed in among them with their clubs, and soon "conquered a peace," but not before several of the ruffians had been severely wounded.

A woman was arrested in Jersey City, a short time since, on the charge of having strangled her own babe, which was only a few days old. The investigation showed that the infant had positively been strangled, but as no proof could be brought against the mother, it was concluded to be the result of accident, and the woman was discharged.

Catharine Sturgis, a little girl five years of age, whose parents reside in East Brooklyn, fell into a tub of hot water, one morning recently, (which the servant had left standing on the floor while she went into the cellar,) and was scalded to death. The mother was out at the time, and when she returned she found her little daughter's corpse awaiting her arrival.

A rogue swindled the Williamsburgh City Bank out of $50, by means of a forged check so neatly executed that it did not excite the slightest suspicion; emboldened by his success he forged another check for $500, but the amount excited suspicion, the forgery was detected and the rogue arrested.

The wall of a brick building in Essex street suddenly gave way and fell into the street the other day, without hurting anybody, although one man was buried in the ruins, and another leaped from a window in the second story.

A stranger, well dressed and of good appearance, fell into the dock at the foot of Little Twelfth street, one day lately, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

A young man, twenty-four years of age, was run over the other day in Chatham street by a Third Avenue car, and injured so severely that he soon after died.

A stout, healthy man, about forty-five years of age, fell down a short flight of steps in Cherry street, one day recently, and was killed by the fall.

A sailor named Anderson recently attempted to cut a shipmate's throat with a razor, but was foiled in his design and sent to prison.

A carpenter who was engaged in putting up a cornice on a building in Hester street, slipped, fell to the sidewalk, and was instantly killed.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

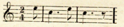
REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

MUSIC IN WAR.

Few persons have an idea of how large and indispensable a part music plays in war—and we might safely add, few persons have an idea how large a part anything plays in what they have not studied. All know that the troops keep step to the measure of music; that the national hymn or march rouses them to enthusiasm, and often seems to save the day. But the technical uses of music in giving the various commands, where the numbers and separation of the troops, or the din of battle, would make a commander's order, if delivered by the voice, inaudible, these are little thought of. A bugle or trumpet note may be heard for miles, and is as clear a direction to each soldier as if in English, and a great deal better in a mixed congregation of all the tongues; and, parenthetically, we would remark that our service now gives us specimens of many languages, Indian inclusive. English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, Swedish, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, Greek, Turkish, Leni-Lenapi—"Spare me!" we hear a lovely reader exclaim—we shall do so, and leave the "lost tribes" to the imagination. Now the musical order, given on the air-cutting, brazen tube, tells all these people, in one single magnificent idiom, their fate on the battle-field when hell rains its fire and mercy stands aghast.

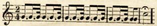
"How I would like to know some of this wonderful battle music!" we hear the lovely reader aforesaid exclaim. Well, notwithstanding that interruption given just now at the time we were growing ethnologically learned, we shall gratify you. Let us present, for example, some of the cavalry music, which horses sometimes learn to understand as they do spoken orders to stop or proceed.

Suppose ten thousand cavalry galloping on a plain—we have seen that number. It is necessary for their safety that they walk. Suddenly the bugles play these notes:

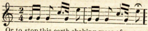


Instantly ten thousand hands check ten thousand foaming steeds, and they walk as if directed by a magic wand.

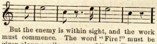
But it may be necessary to trot. Then the bugles play thus:



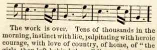
Or if to go on the gallop, again:



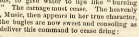
Or to stop this earth-shaking mass of war, and make it still as the bronze equestrian statue, the bugles but sound these few notes:



But the enemy is within sight, and the work must commence. The word "Fire!" must be given along a mile or more of line. The death-dealing pangs are thus announced:



The work is over. Tens of thousands in the morning, instinct with life, palpitating with heroic courage, with love of country, of home, of "the girls they left behind them," lie as clods of the valley, or with life ebbing in hot agonies—no mother, no sister, no wife near to staunch their wounds, to give water to lips like "burning marl." The carnage must cease. The heavenly maid, Music, then appears in her true character, and the bugles are now sweet and consoling as they deliver this command to cease firing:



◆

FAILING IN BUSINESS.

There ought to be an elaborate treatise written on the causes of bankruptcy. There could scarcely be a more useful book than one containing five hundred Reports of Cases of failure, in which the cause of the calamity should be distinctly pointed out in each instance. It would probably be found that *spending money before it is earned* causes about one-half of the failures in the United States. Young business men are exceedingly liable to fix their expenditures at a rate that is safe only in prosperous times. They forget that expenses are certain, and profits uncertain. They forget, too, that expenses are to be paid out of profits. They omit to consider the absolute certainty that some of their customers will not pay their notes. They do not stop to think that one season in every three will be dullish; that one season in every seven will be dull; that one year in every ten will be disastrous. Consequently, as soon as they have made a little money, or think they have, they bring up their expenditures to a point that would only be proper if their income were derived from real estate. A young man who, in a prosperous year, makes ten thousand dollars by trading, is a fool to spend more than two thousand. Two thousand is the very extreme. One who spends more is destined to fail, sooner or later. The other eight thousand should all be employed in broadening the basis on which his business rests.

The man who is not going to fail lives in the same old house, until people wonder why one who is so rich should live in so insignificant a residence. But he who is formed by nature to be a bankrupt, begins by taking a mansion that makes women and boys admire him; but causes safe old fellows of the "codger" species to want an extra name on the back of his notes. In this city, it has been a common thing for a business man, whose actual capital did not exceed twenty thousand dollars, to pay two thousand dollars a year for house rent. All such men fail. *All*, without one exception. Old John Jacob Astor never lived in a house so expensive as that. The house-rent of a man who starts in mercantile business in New York with a capital of twenty thousand dollars ought not to exceed four hundred dollars a year till he has doubled his capital. If it does, he will be pretty sure to fail in from five to fifteen years.

A very frequent cause of failure is a business ambition that induces a firm to sell at too small a profit. It is this, we are told, that has wrecked so many publishers and booksellers during the last five years. We have boasted of the cheapness of books in this country, but no cheapness is a real advantage if it prevents the dealer from reaping a just profit. The bargain-hunter is a despicable creature, and want of firmness in resisting his enroachments has ruined many a storekeeper.

The three great causes of bankruptcy are: Living too fast; selling too cheap; and bad debts.

◆

TOILING AFTER VIRTUE.

A high degree of virtue is not attained without effort. Nature must do her part, but culture is indispensable.

If we look into the biographies of men remarkable for the beauty and steady success of their *lives*, we shall find that they were men who *tried* to live well. They *studied* the art of living. They *considered* the subject habitually and anxiously; read the experience of others; ascertained their peculiar temptations, and took precautions to avoid them. Nothing is more certain than that virtue has to be striven for, as artists strive for excellence in their art, as Demosthenes toiled to overcome impediments in his speech, as philosophers search for truth.

Young Washington, we observe, wrote out a long list of rules for the guidance of his conduct and manners, gathering some from books, and originating others. These he read over from time to time, and his life was formed on the principles thus rendered familiar to his mind. Jonathan Edwards did the same. He drew up a list of seventy resolutions, and bound himself to read them over once a week. Franklin did more in this way than either of those two eminent men. He made a complete liturgy for his own use, and formed a system of morality, and came to the deliberate determination to become *a perfect man*. He kept a daily record of his delinquencies, and, at the end of every week, balanced accounts with himself, and compared his conduct with which it had been in weeks previous. In fact, he watched himself as he watched his business, and kept an account of his behavior as strictly as he did of his gains and losses.

We do not say that every one ought to draw up a set of rules and resolutions, though every one might do so with profit, nor do we assert that it is best for every one to keep a moral journal. But this we do say: High virtue does not come by nature, and no one can learn to live nobly without trying hard for it.

◆

THE POET AND THE PRACTICAL MAN.

Take a sentimental bard by the arm and conduct him into your kitchen garden, and the chances are that he will regard your early vegetables with indifference, if not with absolute distaste. What to his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" are your adolescent lettuces, your dearly cherished spring radishes, your prospect of precocious peas! Not that he has any objection to such succulents when on the table; but as to the details—they are of the earth, earthy. His aspirations are ethereal. Positively we have known such Miss Nancys in broadcloth. As to their claim to the poetic gift, that is neither here nor there; but they thought they had it, and vanity stood them instead of the "divine afflatus." Hotspur's contempt for rhymsters was probably derived from an acquaintance with poets of this stripe.

There is twice as much real poetry in a thoroughly practical man as in a legion of these butterflies of Parnassus. He has always something to suggest or to impart—something that will at least set you thinking if it does not lead directly to some valuable result. You learn from him and he from you. Take *such* a man into your garden and he will have something to say about every esculent it contains—your asparagus, your early cabbages, your spring turnips, the best method of making your cauliflowers' head close, and of preserving your tomatoes from the rot. In short, you will obtain hints from him on all subjects—hints not to be found in books, yet none the less important on that account. And why? Simply because he has walked through the world with a clear head and a keen, observant eye, and never indulged in day dreams. He may not have the gift of jingle, perhaps, but if he *could* put his ideas in verse, he might produce better poems than some that are much-praised of the reviews and newspapers of the day.

◆

OUR GREAT COUNTRY.

"'Tis distance," says the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, "lends enchantment to the view." Distance when too great also effects some changes not so charming. It promotes reciprocal ignorance, under estimates, and hostilities between the parts of one and the same empire. The central idea of the age in general, and the United States in particular, is to abolish distance; for all machinery, great or small, peaceful or warlike, whether locomotives or sewing-machines, Minié rifles or howitzers, is to abolish distance, or in other words, to get over the largest space in the least time, and thus acquire certainty and power. But with all this generic splendor of idea applied to the arts of peace, we possess so much land and so few people to the acre, that we have too much distance, and with it the evils above cited. Thirty millions of people are in this country spread over as great a space as two hundred and fifty millions in Europe. Our numerous railways and steam-plied rivers, lakes, and gulfs, have thus far been insufficient to keep the various portions of the Union properly acquainted with one another, owing to this excess of distance, and much ignorance in certain parts has intensified the difficulties.

◆

BROKEN PROMISES.

It was but a few years ago when the Crystal Palaces of London, Paris, and New York, with the splendid international ovations attending their inaugurations, promised Peace. All the glories of the Evangel of Toil were sung, and the serene future was described in eloquence and in song. But the Ravel's Harlequin change from a tailor to a grenadier was not more sudden than the transformation of the peace-promising governments into war-making ones. The most destructive siege in history, that of Sebastapol, followed the heavenly embraces of France, England and Russia. Austria and France were next in order to exhibit the hypocrisy of conversion. We among ourselves are the latest proof that there is iron enough left after supplying farmers with ploughshares and pruning-hooks, to work into swords and bayonets.

◆

THE SPIRIT OF '76.—Mr. Cobb, in his story of "MAGGIE BURNS, *The Heroine of the Delaware*," most vividly portrays the spirit of '76—the incredible sufferings and heroic valor of our forefathers in "the time that tried men's souls"—and illustates what even a patriotic maiden's feeble hand can achieve for her country and her home.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Nineteen.

"SINK DOWN YE MOUNTAINS AND YE VALLEYS RISE!"

The political destinies of a country are, in all cases, greatly dependent on its natural features and geographical position. Ancient Greece and Italy owed their early progress in civilization to the ready access afforded them by the Mediterranean to the culture of Egypt and the East, and to the protection against the barbarians of the North and West, which they enjoyed in the mountain chains upon their frontiers. England has escaped the convulsions of the continent, mainly in virtue of her insular position. The Atlantic Ocean, which separates us from Europe, was the great natural guardian of the childhood of our independent existence. So intimately are national fortune, political progress, and intellectual improvement interwoven with geographical and physical conditions! Human history is the record of the action and reaction of the lifeless forces of nature and the resolute will of man.

The study of this action and reaction acquires great interest, when we pursue it on the map of our own country. Extending from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, comprehending a wider extent of territory, a greater diversity of soil and climate, a more comprehensive system of natural communication, a richer abundance and variety of products and resources, more numerous and powerful bonds of sectional inter-dependence, than any other civilized region subject to one government, it is plain that the political destiny of the country is the inevitable result of these primordial physical conditions.

The SOVEREIGN POWER, which, when the dry land rose from the bosom of the deep, ran the line of the Atlantic coast in a Northeastwardly and Southwestwardly direction for nearly two thousand miles; which guides the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains down to the tepid shores of the Gulf of Mexico; which decreed that cotton should whiten the malarious plains of the South, where blazing suns and the languid air forbid the prosecution of the manufacturing arts, while, for analogous reasons, the motive powers and mechanic industries attain their full development and application only in a region and climate which do not admit the growth of the great textile staple; that live-oak and naval stores should be the product of one part of the country, and capacious harbors, nautical aptitude, and the other essential elements of naval strength should be almost exclusively confined to the other; that a teeming population should swarm on sterile soils, beneath inclement skies, and depend to a considerable degree upon richer fields in milder latitudes for bread; that coal for the steamers that ply the Atlantic should be dug from the recesses of the Alleghanies; that granite should be hewn from the quarries of Massachusetts to build the warehouses of Mobile and New Orleans; and the ice of New England be a necessary of life throughout the fervid South; that one section should in Summer be driven from its burning skies and feverous lowlands to the sea-beat cliffs of the North, while in winter the shivering, consumptive invalid flies for his life from the fierce sting of the Northwestern blast to the balmy breezes of Florida;—that Sovereign Power, I say, which has ordained these natural conditions of our climate, of its soil, and of its productions, has enacted a law of Unity, has framed a constitution of political and social Brotherhood which man has not ordained and cannot, if he would, abrogate.

These cardinal facts in the material condition of our continent would, under any conceivable circumstances, have most powerfully influenced its political fortunes; but they assume a still more impressive significance, when we view them in connection with its civil history. In the deep ignorance of American geography which prevailed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the charters of the principal colonies were defined by parallels of latitude, or if by the course of streams, under the vague and inaccurate assumption that their direction was substantially from West to East. The controversies, which had their origin in these incorrect or uncertain delimitations, are, some of them, still unsettled.

In the general result of this system, the boundaries of the several States, which now compose the American Union, especially the oldest States, exhibit the most fantastic irregularities, but may be said in general to run at right angles to the great natural dividing lines of the continent. While the main line of the sea-coast, of the great Appalachian chain, and of those mighty rivers, which constitute a still more controlling element of our geography, is from North to South, most of the States lie side by side, divided by parallels of latitude or conventional lines, that tend toward an East and West direction. Thus while two only of the New England states have the Connecticut—their principal river—for a boundary, it cuts two others in the middle, and binds the four together as one group. The Merrimac, which was intended to constitute the northern boundary of Massachusetts and Southern boundary of New Hampshire, giving the entire stream and a narrow strip on the left bank to the former, soon turns at right angles to the North, and cuts New Hampshire in two. The head waters of the Susquehannah spring from the meadows and lakes of Central New York, and leaving Pennsylvania and Maryland on the right, and Delaware and the Eastern Shore on the left, reach the Atlantic between the capes of Virginia. The southwestern counties of New York connect by the Alleghany, the Ohio, and the Mississippi with New Orleans; while the great water system of which the Mississippi is the outlet, draws together the states and territories between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains, by bonds which no centrifugal tendencies of a political character will ever be strong enough to burst.

But another very important consequence results from this curious relation between the physical conditions and political divisions of the country, in virtue of which the former act so powerfully over the latter. The great unsociable chains which traverse the continent, mainly from the North-east to the South-west, are to the full as prominent a feature in its geography, (threatening to obstruct the communications between the East and the West,) as the lines of the coast and the direction of the rivers, which form the indissoluble bond between North and South. Here the resources of human ingenuity, and what we may call, not irreverently, the *creative power* of human art, step in to break down those mighty granitic meridians, which nature has piled along the continent. The first thought which occurred to Washington, after the independence of the country was established, was to open a communication between the East and West. He looked to this as a great bond of political union. His attention was naturally turned, in the first instance, to the head waters of the noble rivers of his own State, the James and the Potomac, and the means of connecting them with the Ohio, which then formed its entire western boundary, and still does so in part. But the patriotism of Washington was not bounded by State lines. The year after the war, he explored the rivers of New York, with a view to the connection of the head waters of the Susquehannah with Lake Ontario. Although the territory North-west of the Ohio was then a savage wilderness, the possibility of uniting the waters of that river with the North-western lakes, did not escape his penetrating glance. After completing his tour, he exclaimed, (with that religious elevation of spirit which formed so prominent a trait in his august character,) "prompted by these actual observations, I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence, which has dealt his favor to us with so profuse a hand. WOULD TO GOD WE MAY HAVE WISDOM ENOUGH TO IMPROVE THEM!"

In those days the steam engine was in its infancy, the locomotive was unknown, and by necessary consequence the railroad existed but in its most rudimental form. It served only to connect a few of the English coal-pits with tide-water. By degrees the infant giants grew. These elements of Titanic power acquired a development, which far surpassed the most sanguine anticipations, and revolutionized at length all the industrial and *communicatory* relations of the world. The steam engine was perfected and clothed the labor of England with the force of a hundred million vigorous right arms. It was applied in the locomotive to the purposes of travel and transportation, and in the next generation the rivers and the seas were covered with steam vessels, and the land with a network of railroads. Watt, and Stephenson, and Fulton took rank with the great canonized benefactors of the race.

With them a new dispensation of material, social, intellectual and political progress begins, and no where, *if we are true to ourselves*, with happier auspices, than on the American Continent, where the great mountain chains interpose so considerable a barrier to the intercourse between East and West. The age of canals, on which Washington and the men of that generation placed their chief dependence, is, except in a few very peculiar localities, gone by. They will for the most part be superseded by the railroad. No new ones will be constructed; and few of those already built will defray the cost of their maintenance. In a very few instances, such as the noble Erie Canal of New York, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which will never reach the Ohio, but which will continue to bear the coals of Cumberland to tide water; and possibly the James River Canal in Virginia, should the French company which has undertaken its completion succeed in pushing it to the Ohio,—this mode of communication may, for heavy traffic, hold its ground in competition with the railroads; but it is mainly by these latter that the communication between East and West is and will be kept up.

Few persons who have not turned their attention particularly to the subject, are aware of the extent to which these magnificent works are already carried. Besides the almost innumerable lateral and auxiliary lines, six or seven noble routes of this kind are already opened on this side of the Mississippi river connecting the western waters with the ocean. The Grand Trunk, starting from Portland, turns the Eastern flank of the White hills, leaps the St. Lawrence, and hugs the Northern shores of the great lakes. The New York Central, with one arm at Boston and the other at the City of New York, connects by uninterrupted links with the far West in Kansas; while its parallel line, the Erie Railroad, establishes the same connection through the Southern tier of counties. These three routes avail themselves of the interruptions and depressions of the Appalachian Chain. The Pennsylvania Railroad surmounts that formidable barrier, and connects at Pittsburgh with the vast system of the Northwestern routes. The Virginia Central Railroad, with its continuations to the seaboard, has already, on its way westward, reached that famous Augusta, where Washington resolved to entrench himself, had all failed East of the mountains, and when quiet times return, will no doubt fulfil his cherished vision by a connection of tide-water with the Ohio. The Railroad Southwestwardly from Norfolk, pierces the Blue Ridge near Lynchburg, and extends with scarce a break (if I mistake not) to Mobile, while the great line from Memphis to Charleston, with its diverging branches, covers the further South.

But I have omitted, in this hasty and imperfect enumeration, the route which is at this moment uppermost in my thoughts, from having been recently travelled by me; I mean the noble line which (three hundred and seventy-nine miles in length, and constructed at a cost of thirty-one millions of dollars,) connects the Chesapeake bay with the Ohio river,—the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I am inclined to think, whether we consider commercial intercourse and the convenience of the traveller, or political and strategical relations, that there is no more important route in the United States, while it is certainly unsurpassed, if not unequalled, as an achievement in Railroad engineering.

Having occasion to visit Ohio, a short time since, my friend, William Prescott Smith, Esq., the master of transportation, placed at my disposal the Director's car, with all its comforts, not to say luxuries, for the trip to Wheeling. Greatly to my regret, a domestic affliction deprived me of the promised pleasure of his company. We started, myself and son, on the 8th of April. All then was deep peace on this now agitated and menaced frontier, and at every stopping place, friendly groups welcomed us with cordial salutations. As for the road, which we had the best opportunity to examine, as we sat upon the open platform in the rear of the car, it was a continuous wonder. The magnificent viaduct over the Patapsco at the RELAY HOUSE, now lifted into historical celebrity, a noble stone bridge of eight elliptical arches, each of 58 feet span, its roadway 66 feet above the water, is one of the grandest structures on the line of the road, and prepares you at the outset for a succession of deep cuttings through the solid rock, embankments, walls, bridges, culverts, and tunnels, some of them works of startling audacity, which cannot be contemplated without admiration.

It would require far greater space than I have left, to give more than the merest sketch of the route, or to name any considerable part of the remarkable points of the scenery, on the way from Baltimore to Wheeling. Sweeping by the attractive environs of Ellicott's Mills, we reached Mount Airy, forty two miles from Baltimore, which divides the valley of the Patapsco from that of the Monocacy, an affluent of the Potomac, that waters the manor of Carroll. Here you catch the first glimpse of the Blue Ridge. At the famous "Point of Rocks," the railroad, breaking its way beneath jagged overhanging crags, divides with the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and the Potomac river the narrow gorge, from whose marble ledges the splendid variegated columns of the old House of Representatives were hewn. At Harper's Ferry, eighty one miles from Baltimore, you are in Virginia. Here you cross the river and behold that famous confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, which Mr. Jefferson used to contemplate from the rock that bears his name, and which he describes as a sight worth a voyage across the Atlantic.[*] Opposite the North Mountain, further on and upon the Maryland side of the river, are the remains of Fort Frederick, which is mentioned in the letters of Washington in 1756, and which was built the year before, *for the defence of the Frontier!* Where is the Frontier now? Many magnificent views and daring feats of engineering, bridges, tunnels, and embankments succeed; but we must hasten onward, crossing the south branch of the Potomac, five miles beyond Cacapon Creek, and the north branch a few miles further, on an iron viaduct 700 feet long. This brings us back to Maryland, after a stretch through Virginia of ninety one miles. It is generally thought in Maryland, that the commissioners, who ran the line between that State and Virginia, mistook the northern branch for the principal stream; and that, if the south branch had been—as it ought to have been—so regarded, they would have assigned to Maryland a good tract in the "ancient dominion."

We reached Cumberland at night-fall, and were now fairly entered upon the classic ground of the seven years' war. It was at Fort Cumberland that Washington was appointed aid to Braddock, in 1755, and from this point that he made his memorable visit to Boston, the following year, to take the decision of Governor Shirley on the question of precedence raised by Dagworthy. Instead of stopping for the night here, as we had expected, we were met by kind friends, who took us to Mount Savage, where, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Weld, an English gentleman, resident in this region for nineteen years, we passed the night safe from the beating storm without, in the enjoyment of all the comforts of a refined home. In the morning we zig-zagged up the mountain to Frostburg, and passed through its tunnel to the coal-mine at Georges' Run, where, after partaking the hospitality of friends from Massachusetts, nestled in this secluded spot, we took a car *without an engine*, and in twenty minutes rolled down the hill nine miles to Piedmont. Here we rejoined the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and under the courteous guidance of Mr. Ford, the agent for the western division of the road, we made the journey to Wheeling. The boldest engineering is in this part of the road, but it is too late to enter on the description, and if it were not, no description could do any justice to the scene. The deep cuttings through towering ledges, the bridges thrown at giddy heights over mountain torrents; the "insane" embankments, as Livy calls the substructions of the old Roman Capitol, (but in this case as in his, with an adamantine method in their madness,) the road fighting its iron path along the mountain side, hundreds of feet above the beds of the rivers that rave below; the broken ridges that frown far on high along the sides of the gorges, through which this strange avenue penetrates the Alleghanies; the untrodden forests that darken their summits; this amazing intermixture of the last achievements and noblest structures of civilization with the rudest conditions of primitive nature, constitute a picture which must be seen. Words are no match for it. *Picture* I call it, for when about ten miles beyond Altamont (which, at the height of half a mile above the level of Baltimore, divides the waters which flow into the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico respectively), we stopped at Rowlesburg to look at the great viaduct over Cheat river, it so happened that a fierce tempest of mingled snow and rain was lashing the mountain sides. It might have served for the original of Turner's wild view of a locomotive breasting the storm, a hundred fold intensified by all the savage accessories of this glorious mountain landscape. Fierce gusts of wind howled through the cleft summits of the hills; vast streaming ribbons of snow drift, grandly waving up and down, swept the mountain side; tall moss-clad trees moaned, and cracked, and bowed beneath the furious gale, but the fiery monster held his way unmoved through the warring elements.

Boston, 11th May, 1861.

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[*] Notes on Virginia, p. 36. Philad. 1801.

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THE TREADMILL OF LIFE.

A good, honest soul once said that "all she wanted, when she got to Heaven, was to put on a clean apron and sit still." After all, the idea is more profound than funny. There are times in every housekeeper's life when this would be the embodiment of Paradise. When the head throbs with planning, contriving, and directing; when every bone aches in the attempt to carry the programme into successful execution; when, after having done one's best to draw to a focus all the infinitesimal cobweb-threads of careful management, some new emergency is born of every last attempt, till every nerve and muscle cries out, with the old woman, for Heaven and a clean apron! Of course, after a period of care-free rest, this earth seems after all a very nice place to stay in; but while the fit lasts, no victim of unsuccessful love, or of sea-sickness, is more truly deserving of that which neither ever get—*heartfelt pity*. It is well that is not the prevailing feeling, else how could we all toil and moil, as we do, day after day, for six feet of earth to engulf it all at last! It is well that to painstaking mothers and delving fathers, earth seems so *real*. Were it not so, the wheels of this world would stick fast, of course.

The men would hang themselves because there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and every morning of all these days they must button their shirt-wristbands. The women would think of nine children and one at the breast, and every one to be worried through the measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and hooping-cough; while Bridget and Betty would incontinently drown themselves at the never-ending succession of breakfasts, dinners and suppers, to be gobbled up by people constantly ringing the bell for "more." Heaven and a clean apron! the idea is delicious. Let us hope the old woman got it.

FANNY FERN.

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A BIT OF INJUSTICE.

As a general thing there are few people who speak approbatively of a woman who has a smart business talent or capability. No matter how isolated or destitute her condition, the majority would consider it more "feminine" would she unobtrusively gather up her thimble, and, retiring into some out-of-the-way-place, gradually scoop out her coffin with it, than to develop that smart turn for business which would lift her at once out of her troubles; and which, in a man so situated, would be applauded as exceedingly praiseworthy. The most curious part of it is, that they who are loudest in their abhorance of this "unfeminine" trait, are they who are the most intolerant of dependent female relatives. "Anywhere, out of the world," would be their reply, if applied to by the latter for a straw for the drowning. "Do something for yourself," is their advice in general terms; but, above all, you are to do it quietly, unobtrusively; in other words, die as soon as you like on sixpence a day, but don't trouble *us!* Of such cold-blooded comfort, in sight of a new-made grave, might well be born "the *smart business woman*." And, in truth, so it often is. Hands that never toiled before, grow rough with labor; eyes that have been tearless for long, happy years, drop agony over the slow lagging hours; feet that have been tenderly led and cared for, stumble as best they may in the new, rough path of self-denial. But out of this bitterness groweth sweetness. *No crust so tough as the grudged bread of dependence.* Blessed the "smart business woman" who, in a self-sustained crisis like this, after having through much tribulation reached the goal, is able to look back on the weary track and see the sweet flower of faith and trust in her kind still blooming.

FANNY FERN.

THE MOUNTAIN GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

How beautiful and grand, of old,
Those gardens on the mountains grew,
And caught the earliest ray of morn,
And drank the purest dew!

II.

O surely, surely they were born
Of high and holy Eastern thought,
That thus even in the physical
The far pure Heaven sought!

III.

From them let inspiration come,
Like angel-breathings unto me;
O may full many a thought of mine
On Heaven-ward summits be!

IV.

There 'mid the beams of pure desire
That sparkle on the flowers of love,
O, Sire in Heaven! let me walk
And waft warm hymns above:—

V.

Hymns full of earnest love for all,
Hymns golden-winged by faith to Thee,
That shall receive an answer from
The bright choirs of Eternity!

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies,
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes."

While the young Southern heiress had been an inmate of old Hugh Crofton's lowly dwelling, the search for her cousin's murderer had been prosecuted with the utmost assiduity. The Saugus woods had been scoured again, and all suspicious persons arrested. But nothing had as yet been proved, and the murdered woman's father had increased the promised reward several hundred pounds. The horrid details of the scene were still fresh in the memories of the people. Gray-haired parents shuddered when, in the midst of their own blooming daughters, they thought of poor Mabel's doom, and young mothers clasped their babes closer to their fond hearts, as they recalled the dead child who had been drawn from the depths of the Pirate's Well.

Gervayse Gault was at his task in the foundry when a band of Lynn officers entered, and the sheriff grasped his arm.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, with mock deference.

"In the King's name I arrest you for the murder of Mabel Ward and her child!"

Gault's heart grew stormy with rage and chagrin, but his cheek did not redden, nor his eyes droop beneath their stern gaze.

"Well," he replied, laying down his tools, "I am not the first innocent man who's been arrested hereabouts, but I shall be discharged like the others. Parsons, I'll finish that job to-morrow; they won't keep me long!"

This coolness acted in his favor, and it was with a feeling of regret that the officials dragged him off to jail.

Ralph Heathcote was whiling away the hours that hung heavily upon him of late, by a game of chess with the landlord, when a young man in Gault's confidence placed a note in his hand. Heathcote unfolded it, and read as follows:

"Gault is in jail; he has been arrested as the murderer for whom such rigid search has been made. Don't fail him in his hour of need! As Captain Ward's kinsman, you will be present at the examination this afternoon, and if some unheard-of thing should be brought to bear against him, manage to throw ridicule upon it. *Everything depends on coolness* and courage! I need give no signature; you know who his friends are. *Remember the oath!*"

The above was written in cypher, and with a peculiar fluid, distilled from the cochineal, and having the appearance of blood. Heathcote grew pale as he read, but when he realized how much there was at stake on the desperate game he was playing, he saw the necessity of coolness and decision. As he thrust the note into his gold-clasped wallet, Boniface exclaimed:

"Zounds! you look like a ghost to-day!"

"To tell you the truth," replied Heathcote, "I'm so anxious about my cousin Grace that I'm not myself of late."

"How is she?"

"This note, which is from her Aunt Ward, states that though somewhat better, she is still very feeble. If she should die, my life would be a wreck—I cannot bear to think of it—give me a glass of brandy to revive me, good sir."

The landlord poured out the fiery liquor, and the young man drank it as if it had been the elixir of life; then took his cloak from a peg in the bar-room, and walked away. Not long afterward he was ushered into the drawing-room of Captain Ward's mansion. It was a stately old parlor, with cornices of elaborate workmanship, polished wainscot, massive doors and diamond-paned windows. A Turkey carpet muffled the floor; the hangings were of purple damask, and the high-backed chairs and sofas cushioned with the same rich material. The tables and harpsichord were "wonders of carving;" family portraits looked down from gilded frames; silver candelabra and classic vases stood on the mantel, the heavy, brazen fire-set shone like gold, and two tall mirrors reflected this cumbrous magnificence. The old man, with his velvet small-clothes, snowy ruffles and powdered hair, and the lady at his side, with her stiff black silk, and jet ornaments, accorded well with their luxurious surroundings. Both greeted Heathcote cordially, and Captain Ward added:

"You are just the person I wish to see."

"And why, my dear cousin?"

"There has been another arrest."

"Who?"

"One Gault—a man who works in the foundry."

"Are there suspicious circumstances connected with him?"

"Of course, or he wouldn't have been arrested."

"And what are they?"

"We shall soon know—it is high time for the court to open; come, I hope we've got the hunted felon now."

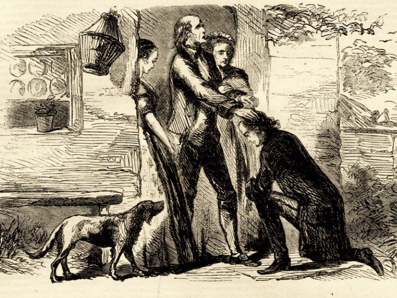
A half hour later the examination of Gervayse Gault commenced in the school-house. As he was brought in by the guard, Heathcote cast a keen glance at him, and wondered that he could seem so unconcerned. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and then the counsel for the crown summoned a woman, who swore that being in the vicinity of the Pirate's Glen on the afternoon of the fatal day, in search of blue-berries, she had seen a person with a black mask prowling about, and been so frightened that she fled to her home, and locked herself and her children into the house. She stated further that the masked stranger was short and stout like Gault, and that he wore a red flannel shirt, and coarse blue small-clothes just like those of the men at the Iron Works, and produced a neckerchief and a torn hat she had found near the Glen. The overseer and several of the laborers at the foundry testified that these articles of clothing belonged to Gault, and that he was not at his task during the day in question.

The counsel for the defence summoned witnesses who bore testimony to his having seemed an honest, hard-working man, and called the attention of the court to the fact that he could have had no previous knowledge of Mabel, and therefore no possible reason for the deed, as she was returning penniless to her friends. Then Antoine Lafarge, a French fisherman, living at Nahant, testified that Gervayse Gault went with him on a fishing excursion the second of July, and Goodwife Gault swore she had gone with one of her boys, to carry back some shoes she had bound for Mark Green, was belated, and on her way home was startled by the cry of murder. This filled her with such terror that she and her child ran at their utmost speed homeward, and when they reached their cottage missed the handkerchief and hat the lad had been obliged to borrow from his father's wardrobe.

Mark Green substantiated her testimony by asserting that Dame Gault bound shoes for him, and was at his shop with her son on the second ult. Gault's lawyer made a brief but skillful plea, defying the crown to prove anything to his discredit, and closed by remarking that he felt sure of his immediate release. The magistrate was about to discharge the prisoner when Captain Ward rose, pale and trembling.

"I must speak," he began, with the utmost vehemence; "this examination has not been satisfactory to me! If Gault never knew my daughter, he may have been bribed to waylay and murder her! I repeat it—I am not satisfied with the *alibi* sworn to by that little old Frenchman nobody knows, and the story of Goodwife Gault—a man in good business, as he is at the Iron Works, ought to be able to buy a neckerchief and hat for his boy."

What a picture the court was at that moment, with the form of the stern old man towering in the majesty of grief and indignation; the young villain at his side; the astonished magistrate and lawyers; the prisoner, even then stolid externally, but feeling as if he stood on the crust of a volcano, which might send its torrent of fire surging around him the next moment; the witnesses who had been denounced, and the spectators watching and listening in mute surprise.



THE PATRIOT'S BLESSING.

Gault cast a scathing glance at Heathcote, who had been struck dumb by his kinsman's passionate outbreak—the glance said as plainly as words could have spoken:

"REMEMBER YOUR OATH!"

It broke the spell which had bound Heathcote; he grasped Captain Ward's arm, and exclaimed—

"My dear sir, your sorrows have made you unjust. If you reflect a moment, you will see that there is no good ground for your suspicions. Mr. Gault is, I believe, what has been represented here, an honest man, working hard to procure the comforts of life for his family—how many has your husband to support, Dame Gault?"

"My infirm mother, myself, and eight children."

"It would not be strange, as the times are," resumed Heathcote, "if he could not give all the little ones a decent suit. As to Antoine Lafarge, whose testimony you appear to doubt, I have just recognized in him a person whom I met several years ago in Paris. For suspected sympathy with the revolutionists he was exiled, but I did not know whither he had fled till I saw him rise in court; the name of Lafarge, though new to you, belongs to a good man, and I hope you do not doubt him now."

"No, no," said Captain Ward; "I regret that I should thus have questioned him; your words make all clear; I begin to think this man is innocent."

The magistrate said the evidence was not sufficient to warrant him in committing the prisoner, and Gault was discharged. As he passed Ralph Heathcote on his way from the school-house, he gave him a look which spoke volumes, and when the young man was ensconced in his room at the inn, another brief note was brought him. It was as follows:

"You have done better, much better than I expected! You bore yourself like a man, and not like the fool I feared you would prove, in spite of my training. But something decisive must be done, or our black secret will be dragged before the eyes of the world. 'The masked stranger' told us at our last meeting that he would fly, but he has been mad enough to stay. I saw him in the Swallow's Cave the night before I was arrested, and if I can find him, I will compel him to meet us at midnight near Cauldron Cliff. Thence we will go to Antoine's hut."

As Heathcote perused the above, his face grew livid with rage, and he muttered—

"Curses on the lying dog—curses on him! He shall hear what I think of him ere many hours have gone over his head! Did I give him a thousand guineas with the idea that he'd stay where he's liable to be caught any moment? No, no!"

Tearing the paper to atoms, the young man flung them into the fire, and putting on his surcoat, sallied out for a walk upon the beach.

It was a glorious day; the waves rippled musically over the white sands; the curlew, the black duck, and the brant were afloat on the waters; snowy gulls soared and shrieked overhead, and the wind seemed to have sighed itself to rest amid the tall grass of the marshes. But the blessed calm of nature could not soothe the unquiet heart of Heathcote; to and fro he paced, longing for the night. At length the sun went down, shedding a baptism of glory on earth, sea and sky; the bright autumnal day lapsed into twilight, and evening stole on, still and shadowy, with no moon, but thousands of stars above, thousands of fire-flies below. At an early hour Heathcote was at the trysting-place, and there he was joined by the other desperadoes. A volley of oaths broke from the young man's lips as he advanced to meet the man who had aroused his displeasure by remaining in the neighborhood.

"Come, come, don't swear!" cried the other; "it won't do for us to quarrel! I've kept out o' their way—what more do you ask?"

"Confound you!" and Heathcote clenched his fist. "You must leave Nahant—leave the colony! They're coming here to search by daybreak to-morrow!"

"I know it—I hear everything from Antoine. My plans are laid—I'm off in a twinkling! Take care of yourselves, and I'll warrant you I'll manage to elude them!"

He dropped on the floor of the hut a loose cloak, which had hitherto enshrouded him, and laying aside his black mask, assumed one painted like an Indian face; the costume he now displayed was that of a Penobscot chief, and Heathcote laughed at the metamorphosis.

"Don't I make a good chief?" he asked.

"Yes, but can you carry out this new character?"

"Have no fears—I was once a prisoner among the Penobscots, and I learned their language and customs. I have fashioned a birch canoe in the Swallows' Cave, and it lies rocking on the tide!"

In another moment he was gone, and Gault and Heathcote were chuckling over his shrewdness. Disguised as a woman, Gault left the hut, but as Heathcote had pretended to recognize a former acquaintance in Antoine Lafarge, there was no need of concealment on his part.

That very night the real felon lay crouched in the marsh-grass, pale and almost breathless with fear. At length voices were heard, heavy footsteps approached, and the glow of a lantern flashed through the shadows. The murderer's heart beat like a muffled drum; a cold sweat beaded his brow; the blood went leaping on in a lava-tide. Finally they passed the poor criminal's hiding-place; the sound of their talk died away; the gleam of the lantern faded. A face which told of guilt, of remorse, was lifted from the grass, and a form, half bowed, went skulking through the darkness. Ever and anon the figure paused, for the rustle of a leaf, the murmur of the south-wind, seemed to fill the hunted felon with alarm. It was late when that guilty creature crept into an old mill, long since deserted. Moss had gathered on the roof, the ponderous wheel was crumbling to dust, and the stream lay in the shadows, black as the fabled Styx, or the Avernian Lake, which the classic myth tells us was so deadly, that no bird could fly across without dropping lifeless into the pool. Bats had their home in the mill, night-hawks built their nests amid the ruins, and a snake went hissing away as the new-comer stole along.

"This is the place for me now!" exclaimed a voice, hoarse with suppressed emotion; "while they are searching the neighborhood, I must den like the wild beasts!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love;
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies
Is in it."

"O, once was felt the storm of war!
It had an earthquake's roar;
It flashed upon the mountain hight,
It smoked along the shore.
It thundered in a dreaming ear,
And up the farmer sprang;
It muttered in a bold, true heart,
And a warrior's harness rang."

The period of Grace Ward's convalescence was the golden age of Richard Crofton's love. It was pleasant to see how her pale face lighted up at his approach, to pause in the midst of his abstruse mathematical calculations, and listen to her sweet voice, as she hummed a fragment of some old love-song, to watch her, as she sat in a low rocking-chair, with Rocco perched on her slender wrist, feeding the bird, or making him go through his little *repertoire*. The first time she went out, she leaned on his arm for support, and his heart was too full for speech as he guided her feeble footsteps. Heathcote was a daily visitor, and it seemed as if there were no end to his attentions. Bouquets of the choicest bloom, native and foreign fruits, delicious game, and wine as rich as the "sunlight liquid," mellowed in the cellars of Donatello, he brought to the cottage, but strange as it may appear, the young heiress preferred Crofton's simple offerings to all Heathcote's gifts. Captain Ward was very anxious to have her return to his house, but she seemed in no haste to leave the fisherman's cottage.

One night Richard and his father came in late, but delicate as her health was, Grace yet sat by the fireside, and when she sprang to meet them, both gently reprimanded her for thus wearying herself.

"I—I could not have slept," she faltered, "I was so uneasy; I—I hope no accident detained you."

Old Hugh Crofton glanced at her, and then at his son.

"Tell her, and I will break the news to the others!" he exclaimed, and hurried from the kitchen.

When they were alone, the girl's eyes turned to the young man in mute appeal.

"Miss Ward," began Richard Crofton, for since her recovery he had relapsed into the old, formal way of addressing her, "since you have been ill, there have been stirring times among us, but we have not spoken of these troubles to you, on account of your sickness. Now you must hear."

He paused an instant, and continued in a firmer tone—

"You are aware of the disaffection occasioned by the Stamp Act, and other tyrannical proceedings. You have heard how the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor, and how a party of women in Lynn destroyed a quantity which had been stored on Water Hill. You are no stranger to the bloody fight of Lexington, in which four men from Lynn fell! I believe something of the patriot spirit thrills me—I am an American—on the morrow I am to leave home, in the course of a week, God willing, the Petrel will be transformed into a privateer!"

Grace started, her cheek flushed, and there was a wail in her voice as she rejoined:

"O, Richard this is dreadful! What will your mother, what will Alice say?"

"They will bid me God-speed—Miss Ward; will you do the same, or are your sympathies, like your uncle's, with the Tories?"

"My sympathies are with the Patriots—with you!" and she held out her hand, and the fragile girl was merged in the heroine.

The old fisherman reappeared, and with him came Alice and his mother. They clasped their arms around him, they gazed at him with tear-dimmed eyes, but like the Spartan women, they bade him act his part in the grand drama, which had commenced. The evening meal was forgotten in preparations for his departure; the sea-chest was packed again, Mrs. Crofton, Alice, and even Grace assisting, and then the old fisherman brought forth the sword he had worn in the Indian wars.

"Take it," he said; "take it, my boy! I know you will wear it worthily."

Richard received it with thanks, and when his hasty preparations had been made, sat with the rest around the hearthstone, and listened to the scriptures, and his father's solemn and fervid prayer. In that hour it seemed to the listening Grace, as if Heaven had opened, and white-robed angels, with golden wings, were ascending, and descending with messages of peace.

When, in the gray, autumnal dawn, Richard Crofton entered the kitchen, he found Grace there alone. She was paler than was her wont, and her eyelids seemed "heavy with unshed tears." Her fingers were busy with a parcel, which had been overlooked the previous night, but when he murmured:

"Miss Ward, I must bid you farewell," she dropped it, and bowing her head upon the mantle, wept in the utter abandonment of grief.

"It is hard to have you go," she moaned; "you have been such a friend to me," and here her voice was lost in sobs, that echoed dismally through the room.

"Grace," resumed the young man, his tones lingering fondly on that name, "I resolved to go away without revealing my heart's secret, but I cannot—cannot—I must speak this, the last time you and I may ever meet! I have dared to love you—no words of mine can tell how inexpressibly dear you are. You may think it madness—you may upbraid me; that will be better than the suspense in which I have lived for months past. What think you, Grace, of the poor sailor, who, but for your wealth and position, would have declared his love long ago?"

"O! Richard," replied the girl, and she dashed away her tears, and stood there flushed and smiling. "You cannot have read my heart aright, if you dream I could scorn your love! No, no, 'tis the most precious boon I could have —I love you with my whole soul—if you were not about to leave me, I should be the happiest woman in the wide world."

Richard Crofton could not speak, but he drew Grace to him, kissed her again and again with yearning fondness, and looked down into the shining eyes, which mirrored love and trust.

"Grace," he at length said, "I wish you could know the depths of my love. I ask not to bind you by any promise—I leave you free, and if there should come an hour, when you should learn to love another, be assured that I will not reproach you. Heaven guide and guard you, my own, my beloved! There—they're hard by —I must tear myself from you!"

At this moment a gush of martial music swept by on the breeze, and leading the girl to the door where the family were grouped, he exclaimed:

"Your blessing, my father!"

The next moment he knelt alone before the old fisherman, there was a tear on his sun-burned cheek, but a light which seemed not of earth in yhis ee, as he exclaimed:

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! The God of battles go with you, my son, and if he seeth fit to take from me forever the staff of my old age, even so. Amen!"

One moment a solemn hush brooded over the group, the next a wild cry, a smothered sob, told that Richard Crofton had joined the Patriots.

His parents, Grace, and crippled Alice watched him till he disappeared, and then went into the house, which seemed lonely as a tomb. A few hours afterward Captain Ward came for his niece, attended by Heathcote, and a black groom, who had brought a horse for the waiting-woman. The poor girl did not wish to part with her friends while the prying eyes of her uncle and cousin were upon her, and so she beckoned Mrs. Crofton and Alice into the bed-room. There she embraced them convulsively, and thanked them in broken words for their kindness; then as she passed through the kitchen, she paused before the old man, and extended her hand in silence. He held it for an instant in both his own, and breathed a solemn blessing, and with his words still ringing in her ear, she entered the chaise, which was to bear her away. Heathcote rode on horseback beside the chaise, and at length her uncle exclaimed:

"Well, I never saw such people as the Croftons! I offered to pay for your board, Grace, but old Hugh wouldn't take a penny."

"Poor and proud," ejaculated Heathcote, with a sneer.

"Yes, too proud," rejoined Captain Ward, "for they can't afford to be generous; however, I must try to make it up to them in some way —they've been very kind to you."

"I have a princely income—I prefer to attend to my own expenses," and the subject was dropped.

As they approached the stately old Ward House, the captain lifted his eyes to a remote wing of the building with a look Grace could not comprehend, and when she reached her room, she spoke of it to her waiting-woman.

"Why," exclaimed Cassie, "haint you hearn 'bout dat-ar?"

"You forget, Cassie, that I've been ill, and nothing which could excite me has been mentioned."

"So I did, so I did. Wal, Sambo telled me when he cum up to Swampscot to bring suthin for you, dat your uncle and Watkins had carried all poor Miss Mabel's furnity she used to have in her room in Bosson town, into two great chambers in the west wing, and dat he and your ant goes in der ebry day, and sets down jist as ef she was alive and well. They declar too on der word and honor, dat der's queer goins on in de rooms; Sambo has hearn groans, and Chloe, the cook, will hab it dat she see a pale face at der winder one night when de blinds war opened a little. What you tink? Do you b'lieve de stories, Miss Grace?"

"I've not yet had sufficient evidence," replied the girl, shuddering nevertheless, for the memory of Mabel's murder yet made her blood chill.

She hurried through her toilet, and descended to the drawing-room. Her figure had not yet attained its former roundness, nor had the bloom returned to her cheek, but she had looked very lovely, very interesting, as she stood on the hearthstone, arrayed in a black satin dress, falling open in front to disclose a snow-white skirt, and with mourning ruffles of crimped lawn about the square neck and short sleeves of the robe. Her hair, which was entirely free from powder, was drawn away from her forehead over a roll, and fastened at the back of her head with aigrettes of pearl and jet, from which drooped long pendants, that swung and twinkled as she moved. Her arms were encircled by bracelets of jet, clasped with pearls, and her brooch set with the same precious stones. At first she thought herself quite alone, but she soon saw Heathcote rise from a remote corner of the room, and move toward her.

"Welcome, back," he cried, as he clasped her hand; "O, Grace, Grace, I cannot find words to tell how I have missed you! Are you not glad to be here again?"

"On many accounts I am, on others I am not! This house is like a tomb to me since Mabel's murder!" and she shuddered.

"Your uncle thinks of removing to Boston before the winter sets in."

"But perhaps the ghost that haunts the west wing will follow him there."

"You have then heard the gossip," resumed Heathcote; "do not let it have too much weight —'tis idle talk! Forget it for the present—think only of me! O! Grace," and he flung himself at her feet; "you know how I love you! Take back those cruel words you spoke on the afternoon of that memorable tempest! Give me one ray of hope, that I may teach you to love as I do!"

"Rise, Ralph—you can never be more than a cousin to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young man's face, as her answer fell upon his ear; wounded pride, rage, and even sorrow were mirrored there, for his love was a mad, absorbing passion. He sprang to his feet, and rushed into the library where Captain Ward sat.

"What's the matter?" asked his kinsman, astonished at his appearance.

"I've just renewed my suit with Miss Grace, and she's rejected me."

"Rejected you!" roared the old man. "Good heavens! She can't mean what she says—it must be she's done it in a spirit of coquetry. I'll go to her."

The next moment he stood before the girl, who had sunk into a seat, and seemed studying the quaint porcelain tiles which adorned the chimney-piece.

"Grace," he said, gravely, "I should like to have a little talk with you."

"Go on, sir."

"Have you rejected Ralph Heathcote of Heathcote Hall?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Did you intend the answer you gave should be a final one, or did you, like other coquettes, think you could recall him by a smile, or a wave of your white hand?"

"I never was a jilt, sir—I never shall be! Cousin Ralph can be nothing more to me than he is now. Let the subject drop."

"By St. George, it shall not drop! I am your guardian, and as such I command you to accept Mr. Heathcote. He's handsome as Adonis, elegant, the scion of a noble race, and a Crœsus in wealth—what could you ask more?"

"I acknowledge that he is all you represent him, but I do not love him."

"Nonsense! romantic nonsense!" cried the old man. "If you live to my age you will see it. Hark ye: Grace, your poor cousin Mabel might have married well, and been a comfort and an honor to us; but she made a love match, eloped with some villain, who broke her heart, and then finished his work by murdering her and her child!"

His voice sank into a hoarse whisper as he breathed the last sentence; his face grew livid, and his whole frame trembled. For a time he remained silent, but at length he said, brokenly:

"And now, Grace, you wish to act in the same way. You are my brother's child, and—and——" he hesitated an instant, and went on in a firmer tone—"there are reasons for the condition of his will, that you should forfeit your fortune unless you married to suit me."

"What are they, uncle?"

"The will forbids me to tell you till you are twenty-one. You see that your father had confidence in me, and in my choice of a husband for you. I have chosen Ralph Heathcote—'tis the cherished wish of my heart that you should be his wife."

"I should like to please you, my dear uncle, but I love another."

"And who?" and Captain Ward leaned forward, pale, mute, attent.

"Richard Crofton."

"Ye gods!" exclaimed the old man; "this must be a jest!"

"I assure you I am in earnest, sir."

"In earnest, eh! Why, girl, you might as well have fallen in love with one of my grooms! He's a mere clod-hopper, low-born and low-bred—no match for you—not worth a thought."

"He is the noblest man I ever met. As for his birth, I don't care what it is. He is as well-bred, as chivalrous as cousin Ralph, and far braver, besides being a thousand-fold more agreeable. I am prouder of his love than any queen is of her royal husband. I thank God that his Providence placed me for a time in Hugh Crofton's family."

The beautiful speaker had drawn herself up to her full hight, and seemed very majestic as she paced to and fro on the gorgeous carpet.

"Yes," she continued, "he kept silence for a long time, because of the difference in our position; he would not permit me to utter a betrothal vow—he left me free; but if I am driven to it, I will leave my wealth to the heirs-at-law, and marry the man of my choice without delay!"

"Grace, Grace," resumed her uncle, "you are mad! I will take the matter into my own hands. I will save you from this base fortune-hunter! I shall keep you under the strictest surveillance till your foolish passion has died out."

"Then my imprisonment will be as long as life lasts. I shall never marry Ralph Heathcote!"

"Unless," interposed her uncle, with a bitter smile, "you should be satisfied that you have made an unwise choice."

The entrance of visitors interrupted the conversation, and it was not resumed that day. Heathcote had retreated to the inn, and there sat brooding over his misfortunes in no enviable mood, till a sudden thought struck him.

"I will consult the sibyl," he muttered; and rising, he hastened to Moll Pitcher's house.

The weird woman was poring over an old volume when he entered, but she looked up, and bade him welcome. She pointed to a seat on the rude settle, and he sank down, and remained silent, till she exclaimed:

"You are ill at ease, young man."

"I have reason to be. Grace has refused me the second time, and I overheard her confess to her uncle that she loved Dick Crofton. Madam, when I consulted you before, you told me you would do what you could. Where is the vaunted power that was to be exerted in my favor?"

"Calm yourself," rejoined the sibyl. "It was no time for me to work my spells when the girl lay at death's door! The course of true love never does run smooth. Take heart, take heart, for as I live I see a wedding in the cup!"

Heathcote's cheek flushed; he started up, and begged her to reveal more; but she declared the scene had faded, and he was obliged to leave her without any farther disclosures.

"Poor dupe," muttered Moll, as he disappeared, "he shall never stand at the altar with Grace Ward if I can help it—ha! ha! ha!"

CHAPTER IX.

"And none did love her, though to hall and bower,
She gathered followers from far and near;
She knew them flatterers at the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer."

Winter had come, and the British troops were quartered in Boston, the Patriots at Cambridge. Those were indeed the "times which tried men's souls," and the Lynn people found themselves forced to choose a Committee of Safety, organize a company of "Alarm Troops," and take other measures for the protection of their homes. "Three watches were stationed every night: one at Sagamore Hill, a second at the south end of Shepard street, and the third on Saugus river." No person was suffered to leave town without permission; on the Sabbath, people carried their muskets to church, and the clergyman went into the pulpit "with his cartridge-box under one arm, and his sermon under the other."

Captain Ward, being a stanch Royalist, had removed to Boston, and there, too, the darkly-beautiful Hortense had made herself a home. She had purchased a great stone mansion, and on a clear, cold winter evening she threw it open to a throng of guests, who had been eager to make the acquaintance of the young stranger.

It was late when a carriage rolled to the door, and Ralph Heathcote handed his cousin Grace into a lofty hall, lined with statues, and flooded with light. An obsequious servant guided her up the stair-case, along a broad corridor, and into a chamber splendid enough for a royal occupant. Her feet sank into the carpet as if it had been thrice piled velvet; hangings of amber satin and lace, delicate in texture as if it had been wowen in Arachne's loom, swept over the windows, and canopied the downy couch; chairs, whose graceful pattern told that they had been imported from France, a bureau and wardrobe of the same costly Indian wood, a toilet-glass, set in a frame of silver filagree, tables, inlaid in quaint designs, and an open dressing-case, with gold-mounted flasks, bespoke wealth and taste. Grace Ward was gazing about her, still wrapped in her black cloak she had worn over her party dress, when a pair of round arms encircled her, and Hortense exclaimed:

"I feared you would not come—you, for whom I gave the party."

"I did hesitate," replied Grace, "on account of my poor cousin's death. This is the first party I have attended since that tragic event; but both uncle and aunt told me I had better come."

"I cannot tell you how delighted I am at your presence, for the *fête* would have been nothing without you. I saw you through the open door of the drawing-room, and as I could leave my post as hostess, hastened to meet you. Let me be your waiting-maid," and she threw aside the cloak, and gazed at her guest.

"You see," resumed Grace, "I had to make my toilet very simple—I could wear nothing but white."

"Your costume needs no apologies," said Hortense, and she wound her arm about the girl, and led her away.

There could not have been a greater contrast than that between the two maidens, who soon afterward entered the drawing-room. The tall figure of Hortense was set off to advantage by a robe of garnet-colored velvet, falling open in front, after the fashion of the times, to reveal a skirt of white satin, profusely trimmed with lace; the same misty lace drooped from the low corsage and shirt sleeves; diamonds seemed throbbing with a thousand pulses on her breast, lit up the night of her hair, and clasped her symmetrical arms. She carried a bouquet-holder all ablaze with jewels, and even her fan glittered as if stars had fallen among its gorgeous feathers. Grace wore a robe of white, watered silk, heavy enough to support its own weight, and trimmed with down; her "shadowy tresses" were looped back with clusters of pearls, and the same jewels were coiled about her graceful neck and wrists, while above her spotless brow flashed a single diamond of wondrous lustre. A murmur of admiration greeted her as she entered, and the swart cheek of Hortense flushed, not with pleasure, but with indignation, for she was playing a false part toward Grace. At length she whispered:

"Come, come with me a moment—I wish to show you my house."

The girl gladly assented, and looked around the luxurious parlor with an admiring eye. It was as splendid as crimson drapery, velvet-cushioned chairs and sofas, mosaic tables, tall mirrors, vases of malachite, porcelain and alabaster, and glittering sconces and lustres could make it. Leading out of it on one hand was a music-room, with a harpsichord, guitar, and even a small organ; on the opposite side might be seen a gallery, hung with rare paintings, and beyond this a conservatory where Hortense had tried to reproduce the splendor of the tropics. There perpetual roses blushed, water-lilies grew in mimic tanks, the regal japonica unfolded her white corolla, and cape jasmine and orange-flowers made the air heavy with their fragrance; while a fountain threw up a silvery spray, that recalled to both girls dreams of other lands—

"Lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, maise and vine."

"By-the-by," said Hortense, with assumed gaiety, "I hope you will allow me, for old acquaintance sake, to send you the bridal wreath you must need ere long."

"What do you mean, Hortense?"

"Ah! you affect ignorance when all the world is talking of your approaching marriage with your cousin, Ralph Heathcote."

"Rumor is at fault this time; I am not even engaged to Ralph, and don't think I ever shall be."

Most adroitly Hortense endeavored to ascertain if she loved or was betrothed to another, but the girl kept her own secret. The music sounded, and she was obliged to hasten away to the dancing-hall. Grace declined dancing, and her cousin stationed himself at her side. As the stately minuet began, and the powdered and bejewelled guests commenced moving through its formal measures, Heathcote gave a sudden start. There, amid the revellers, dancing too with a British officer, he saw a form, slender, but symmetrical, clad in a scarlet velvet skirt, and black bodice, and wearing her ebon tresses in heavy braids, while rubies in quaint, gold settings spanned her dusky forehead, drooped from her small ears, and clasped her arms and neck like bands of burning coals. Even in that formal minuet, the wild, free, gipsyish grace of her movements struck every beholder; and when the set was ended, everybody asked:

"Who is she, who is she, Colonel Villiers?"

"She was introduced to me as Zoe Gonzalez, a *protégé* of Mademoiselle L'Estrange."

"Yes," said Hortense, coming forward, "she is half Gipsy half Spanish. Banished and accursed by her people for having fallen in love with a 'false Busne,' she fled to this country, the home of the exile. I found her at my door, shivering in the blast, I took her in—I have adopted her as my sister. Zoe, what is that dance you were dancing when the pale stranger first saw you?"

The Gipsy girl began to sing a wild, Rommany strain, and went floating through the mazes of a graceful and spirited dance, while ever and anon she raised her castanet and shook it, as she had years before under the olive trees of Spain, and within sight of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Heathcote gazed at her in mute surprise, and it was not till she concluded, and stood drooping with the memories she had evoked, that he regained any degree of self-possession.

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, tapping his arm with her fan; "you are quite smitten with this stranger; you haven't taken your eyes from her since she commenced dancing."

Heathcote looked down into the speaker's face, and forced a smile as he replied:

"I have gazed upon her in wonder—nothing more. My heart can never know but one love, and that is for you."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a servant moved to Hortense, and she followed him into a little saloon, which had not been flung open to the guests. There she found Antoine, her faithful old ally, and Gervayse Gault. She held out her hand to Antoine, who had just returned from some guilty errand, and bade him a cordial welcome.

"Shut and bolt the door!" growled Gault.

Hortense obeyed, and, as she turned toward them, Antoine hissed:

"*Sacre*, what have you been about during my absence? You must always be running into some *diablerie* when I'm off guard!"

"Antoine, why do you presume to talk thus?" asked Hortense, in a chilling tone.

"Hark ye," resumed Gault, "did you not promise—nay, swear by the Holy Cross that you would do all in your power to bring about a marriage between Ralph Heathcote and Grace Ward."

Hortense nodded assent.

"Well, you've done just what'll break up the match!"

"How? I don't understand you!"

"I will be more explicit. You have taken in a Gipsy girl, Zoe Gonzalez, arrayed her in velvet and jewels, and introduced her to your guests in a fantastic dance. That vagabond, years ago, attracted the attention of Heathcote while he was in Spain, an *attaché* of the British Embassy; he made love to her, and when a chief was proposed as her husband, the secret of her love for and betrothal to him was divulged. She received the terrible malediction which follows apostates, and fled to Madrid, where she hoped to meet Heathcote. He had tired of the game, and left, to avoid seeing her again. Then she sought her Spanish father, but he had suddenly died, and she found herself alone and friendless. She tracked the footsteps of her English lover to Paris, but he drove her from him, and she swore she would have a fearful revenge. She came to America with deadly purposes; she has been lurking about Lynn, and wishes to rise up between him and Grace here in Boston. If she succeeds, the rich Southern heiress will fall into Crofton's clutches."

"No, no, she never shall, if still more desperate deeds are done to prevent it! Aha! we were neighbors in our childhood, but she was my rival in position, in fortune, in beauty, in love! She fancies I am her friend, but if she could see my heart she would know how I hate her! Gervayse Gault, I assure you that I took in Zoe as a poor stranger, that I knew nothing of her revengeful schemes against Heathcote!"

"Has she made any scene as yet with her quondam lover?"

"No; O, no!"

"Has she breathed a word to Grace?"

"No."

"It is not then too late—summon her—quick, quick!"

Hortense dispatched a servant to Zoe, and the next instant she was the centre of the anxious group in the little saloon.

Gault leaned toward her, and whispered a few words in her ear. She started, the blood left cheek and lip, and there was a wild, terrified look in her eyes.

A few moments later, in an impenetrable disguise, she glided down the back stair-case, and through a side door. Darting along the street she kept on at a brisk pace, till she reached a small house not far from Ring's wharf. She paused on the steps, an was about to rap when she heard loud voices within. She silenced her very pulse to listen, and muttering:

"I cannot find rest for the sole of my foot beneath a roof-tree; I must go back to my old habits, and lie down with only the sky over my head," glided away.

Meanwhile Hortense returned to her guests, and when the ladies had their choice of partners in the cotillion, asked Heathcote to dance with her. As he led her to the hall, she turned to him, and said, in French:

"Fear not—she will trouble you no more! I beg you to believe that I know nothing of her plot. I took her in because her dark beauty fascinated me, her blighted love made her seem akin to me! I have sent her off, and Gault thinks she will not soon return."

"Your explanation is satisfactory," rejoined Heathcote, in the same language; "I hope she will keep aloof till Grace is mine!"

The dancing now commenced, and the conversation was ended. The spell which had settled on Heathcote's senses being removed, he was himself again, and that night there was scarcely a girl in those festive halls who did not envy Grace Ward her conquest. But when, in the solitude of her own chamber, the girl's thoughts reverted to the gallant master of the Petrel, and tears gathered in her eyes, as she mused on the dangers by which he was encompassed. At length a voice, low and sweet as the sigh of a wind-harp, murmured—

"Grace."

She looked up; before her stood the mysterious visitant I have described in preceding chapters. She was closely veiled, but the hand which grasped the maiden's had nothing of the grave about it, and there was human tenderness in the tone in which she resumed—

"Do not fear me! I am a mysterious visitor 'tis true, but I would not harm a hair of your head for the wide world! No idle curiosity prompts me to ask you a few questions."

"Go on," faltered Grace.

"Do you love Ralph Heathcote?"

"No."

"Do you love Richard Crofton?"

"With all my heart."

"Your uncle bids you wed the man of his choice—have you strength to oppose his wishes?"

"I have told him that I would rather renounce my fortune than Richard."

"That is nobly spoken, but poor girl, poor girl, I pity you! With your beauty, your wealth, your warm, true heart, you are a prize for any man. You need a mother to counsel you."

"O yes, yes, but she is dead!"

"Dead, dead, dead!" echoed the stranger, dismally. "You mourn her still, for you are weeping."

"Mourn her—indeed I do?"

"You have none but pleasant memories of her?"

"No," and now the girl's sobs sounded through the stately chamber.

"When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up! Remember this in your loneliness, and remember also that there is one, drawn to you by an irresistible impulse, who will not lose sight of you. I am going—I am going—I know every nook and corner of your uncle's grand mansion, save the chamber sacred to Mabel's memory! Farewell—do not despond—there may come an hour when Richard Crofton can claim you without the great sacrifice you have mentioned."

The next moment she was gone, and Grace was racking her brain with regard to her strange and now not unwelcome visitant.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD PLAYING.

Playing, singing 'mid the flowers
By the south wind softly stirred;
All around a peaceful landscape,
And above a fearless bird—
O thou beauteous little creature
Yet by passion's gale untossed!
Sparkling smile from Inmost Heaven.
Record of an Eden lost!

Playing, singing with the summer;
Partner of the dancing breeze;
Rosy comrade of the blossoms;
Sinless courtier of the trees—
O thou beauteous little creature,
By a father's heart adored!
Darling! thou art also prophet
Of a Paradise *restored!*

BUYING A BONNET.

"Mylls," said my friend Jackson, as we were walking yesterday upon Washington street, "I *should* like to know, if it isn't a secret, why you keep looking in at the windows of the bonnet shops?"

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Oh, then you have a reason," he said, turning me down Summer.

"Why, yes," I answered; "that is, I did have. 'Twas quite a pleasant little affair, and——"

"Stop a moment," said he. "Don't you want to come up to my room? I've a nice little fire."

We were then just in front of his boarding-house, and I followed him up. He gave me his easy-chair by the fire—a coal fire, low down upon the hearth.

"You recollect," said I, sinking down among the cushions, "my showing you the house where I boarded when I was only a clerk?"

"Yes. But don't be in a hurry. I'm looking for my meerschaum. Never mind: I promised to try this sample of cigars. A story agrees with one better taken smoking."

"Oh," said I, "it's not much of a story. I was going to say, that when I boarded in Pleasant street, it was with a lady who had a remarkably pretty daughter."

"Don't say, it's not much of a story, then."

"Wait till you hear. The girl's manners were pleasing, and I was favorably impressed with her whole appearance. Still, up to the time of which I am now speaking, I had shown her no particular attention. Of course I was polite, and kind, and all that."

"Brought her home patterns from the store, perhaps," interrupted my friend, tipping his chair back to the wall.

"Yes, sometimes," I answered, with a smile.

"Gave her now and then a ticket for a lecture," he suggested.

"Well, yes. I think I did. But, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not be cross-questioned. I mean to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"But her name, Mylls—you might tell her name."

"Simple enough—only Lucy Hall. We should probably never have become acquainted—that is, intimately—had not my sister in the country sent me an errand to do.

"Upon opening, one day, a letter from Ann, I found a ten dollar bill. After some preliminaries, she went on to say, that in consideration of services rendered the spotted cow in calfhood, in the way of careful attentions, milk porridge, &c., father had given her (Ann) its first year's milk. The year had expired, her butter had sold well, and she had decided to afford herself a new bonnet. She wanted the very latest style. I must notice, as I went to the store, what girls of her age were wearing, and then go to the milliner's, and pick out the prettiest one I could find. Now this, at the first blush, would seem very easy."

"Very easy, and very pleasant."

"Certainly. And in my zeal to oblige my sister, I got leave of absence when all the fashionables were out. Not a bonnet escaped me. I viewed them on all sides. Sometimes I would be so delighted with the outside of one which I was following, that I would pass it with great speed, and then walk leisurely back to get a sight of the face trimmings. And then, vice versa. When I met one with pretty fixings inside, I would turn about and follow it, to see if the outside corresponded."

"And weren't you, in the first case, often shocked at finding, under a 'love of a bonnet,' some ugly, haggard face? I've been."

"Why, yes. But then I saw a great many pretty girls, Jackson—a great many. And I could look them straight in the face with a clear conscience; for I felt that, if my motives could be made known to them, they would, instead of thinking me rude, rejoice to be of assistance. I went on in this way for more than an hour. It seems an easy thing to do, and pleasant, as you just now remarked. But, Jackson, I tell you that never before did I get so completely bewildered. Everything seemed mixed up; and I couldn't, for the life of me, tell whether a bonnet was pretty of itself, or whether the face inside made it seem so. My eyes were getting affected, too: getting dazzled, looking so steadily at bright objects. At last I gave it up, for I really couldn't tell what was face and what was bonnet.

"Finding, however, that I could still read the names upon our sign, I retreated behind the counter, thinking to take them one at a time as they came shopping; and while they looked down upon my silks, look up at their bonnets."

"Don't know," said my friend, knocking the ashes from his cigar—"don't know; rather difficult—would require practice."

"Yes, so I found. And, besides, it was my hour to go to dinner."

"Did you go on the shady side?"

"Yes; and looked down all the way."

"But you didn't give it up so?"

"Oh, no. As soon as dinner was over, I hastened with all speed to a bonnet-store. Here, I thought, will be nothing to distract the attention. Each bonnet will be judged according to its merits. The milliners were extremely obliging, but they made me feel uncomfortable—made me feel my ignorance. One of them would point out the beauties of satin or velvet, in what seemed to be the most glowing language; but when she had finished, and looked expectingly in my face, it was all a blank! I knew it was, for I had hardly understood a word. I doubted my certain knowledge even of the seven primary colors; couldn't have said whether a given bonnet were blue or green. Perhaps I would like to order a bonnet, the ready attendant suggested. Here was silk, satin, velvet, plush, uncut velvet—— I turned away with a shudder, and wished in my heart that I could send the store with its entire contents—milliners and all—to my sister, that she might choose for herself, and under proper direction.

"In the morning, how easy it had seemed, with the money in my hand, to buy a bonnet! At noon, how impossible! There they were—beautiful, tantalizing—within my reach; but I could only have one. And suppose I should hit upon exactly the one she wouldn't want—which was more than likely—and thus waste the money which she had been earning ever since the spotted cow was a calf! I left the store in despair."

"I see," said Jackson. "I begin to see the lions in the path. Bad—buying things for other people."

"That night I held council with my roommate—an odd chap. You know Maguire?"

"Not Ralph?"

"Yes. He was wild enough then. I thought he would never stop laughing over my troubles, and at the serious way in which I had set about the business. He put me on the right track, though—suggested that I should ask Lucy to help choose a bonnet. I thanked him for his advice, and followed it in the morning."

"Of course, she was willing enough."

"Oh, yes. And I felt all the while she was putting on her things to go, that I was taking the right step, for her own bonnet was charming. I examined the face trimmings so intently, that she began to look at last as if she didn't exactly know what to think of me. At eleven, we were turning down Hollis street—you were never engaged in any affair of the kind yourself, Jackson?"

"Never," said my friend. "But—go on. I've a lively imagination."

"Lucy inquired for bonnets—winter bonnets. And I explained to the intensely interested lady behind the counter, that we wished to purchase for a friend in the country. What colors? Did she like pink? Could she wear blue? The purple were elegant. But then purple was a trying color. And she pointed to each, as its name was called. Then, seeing my puzzled look, she asked if the lady was fair or dark. I looked at Lucy; she had a clear, bright complexion, with dark eyes. So had my sister. I said, 'She is very much like this lady.'

"'Perhaps the lady had better try on a few; then you can judge better about them.'

"Lucy was willing, and put on first a dove-colored satin, with blue inside. It suited her exactly. But the milliner said that our friend might prefer something more lively, and produced a bright pink, with roses about the face. Lucy tried it on, nothing could have been more enchanting! It seemed so just right, that roses on her cheeks should have roses by their side. She went to look in the glass—I followed every motion; and felt like a sunflower turning my face to the sun! To a double sun! For there was its brilliant reflection in the glass!

"The milliner asked if I thought it becoming. I couldn't say a word. Never thought of such a question being asked, when Lucy looked so like a beauty.

"'Try a blue then. Blue is more modest and quite as genteel. This velvet is a lovely shade. It has straw-colored flowers inside. Very becoming to some.'

"And the milliner herself, with a dexterous movement, settled the bonnet upon Lucy's head, and held the strings together under the chin for me to see. I was utterly confounded. She looked just as pretty in that as in the pink. If anything, prettier! Not so brilliant, but more lovely.—The matter seemed hopeless. And besides, I began to feel delicate about looking at Lucy so straight in the face."

"And how did she bear it?"

"Well enough, at first. But when I began to be a little embarrassed, she did; and after that grew redder and redder every bonnet we tried on. Her hair was getting frowsy too, with so much putting on and taking off."

"And as far as my experience goes," observed Jackson, "there is nothing which so completely unsettles a woman as this last. I have often observed them, when taken by surprise, and have sometimes been wicked enough to remember the ostrich. But how did you decide at last?"

"Oh, Lucy observed to me, when the milliner's back was turned, that it would be well, before deciding, to look farther; which was certainly a very business-like suggestion. At the next place, we found only a green apprentice girl, the high priestess being at dinner—I told our errand.

"'Mister,' said she, moving towards a large show case, 'if your wife will walk this way——'

"Lucy's cheeks had quite cooled off in the open air, but now, she looked as if every bonnet in the store had thrown its roses at her. She did very well though, under the circumstances; I laughed a little, and she laughed a little, which was much better than getting confused."

"Certainly."

"The trying on now commenced again, and I think we both felt easier than if the milliner-in-chief had been present. And besides, after our little laugh, we seemed better acquainted. When a bonnet was well on, I dared go nearer to it, and at last, even ventured to twist back any little face flower that was out of place, and sometimes, to smooth down the ribbon after the bow was tied."

"And if the green apprentice also, had been at dinner," said Jackson, peering at me through the smoke, "you might——"

"No," said I, "I shouldn't.—Not then.—Consider how short——"

"Well—go on."

"That's what we did. We went on and on, street after street, and Lucy must have tried on nearly every bonnet in the city. But when it wanted a quarter of two, what do you suppose we did?"

"Went to dinner?"

"No. Went back to the first place, and took the blue velvet with straw colored flowers inside."

"Glad you did. Was sorry you didn't take it at first—what a relief it must have been knowing all was over."

"Yes. But I saw nothing but bonnets all day; and in the middle of the night, I was awakened by something striking against my face. I found I hadn't gone to bed, but was still in my chair waiting for Maguire. He stood before me in his overcoat, just from the theatre. 'I'd thank you for my cap,' said he, 'rather a hard hit; but then you moaned so.'"

"Been dreaming, I suppose."

"Yes. Wandering, wandering through endless milliner's shops, 'mong myriads of bonnets, where satins and velvets unrolled of themselves, as I passed along. Flowers laid in rows upon the floor, but the indignant milliner said I was the first person whoever had stepped on one. And all the time I was trying to find Lucy to help me.

"At last, I met the green apprentice girl. 'Mister,' said she, 'if you're looking after your wife, she's gone up to the top of the State House, to find the place where your sister lives.' I clambered up, but found only an old woman in a pink bonnet.—'There!' said she, pointing down to an enormous bonnet going past, 'If you want to know the very latest fashion, look down. New times have had their day, old times shall come in play.'—I was in great distress at having after all bought an old fashioned affair; but just then, I thought I saw Lucy coming, way off in the distance, and leaned out so far, to make sure, that I lost my balance. Did you never have one of these falling dreams?"

"Oh, yes. Frequently. I suppose you tried to scream?"

"Yes. And it must have been then that Maguire threw his cap at me."

"Well," said Jackson, after a pause, "I suppose that was not the upshot of the whole matter?"

"Oh, no! Ever after that Lucy and I were good friends; and in return for her going with me one day, I went with her all winter. I couldn't get over the idea that I might look at her as much as I pleased. And one evening, taking an ice, I told her I hoped she wouldn't mind it,—wouldn't call it staring.' Twas only because I had got in that way the day we went bonnetting together. Oh, no, she said. It didn't make any difference to her. And, Jackson, I don't think it did. If I had thought so, I should never have asked her the question which I did soon after, coming home in the evening from the Music Hall.

"You see, I reasoned in this way: A girl who can be looked at without showing vanity, who can be reasonably calm in the most awkward of mistakes, who can see herself in the glass, bonnet after bonnet, without having her head turned thereby, must be a girl of stability."

"You said she blushed, though, in the store."

"Of course she did. She ought to have—I would as soon have a rose without a blush, as a woman. Lucy's was the right kind; not a silly, vanity blush."

"And she, I suppose, is the present Mrs. Mylls. I have often noticed the simple, unconscious way she has. What a difference there is in women!"

"Yes," said I. "Now and then we find one who is so used to being pretty, she don't seem to mind it."

"Very rarely," said my friend, stirring up the coals. "Very rarely. And so you've always kept up your interest in bonnets?"

"Yes. I have always gone with Lucy to select hers. We like to act over that part of our little play."

"Must have been interesting, choosing the wedding one?"

"I wasn't going to speak of that, but as you've mentioned it, I will say that when I first saw Lucy in that bonnet, with its delicate white flowers nestling among her dark hair, softening the brightness of her eyes, the brilliancy of her complexion, I was——"

"Never mind, if you can't express it. But *then*, I suppose, if the milliners had been at dinner, you might——"

"Yes," said I, laughing, "I should. I know I should. Anybody would, situated as I was. You would."

"Perhaps," he replied. "One can never say what one would, or would not do, under given circumstances. I understand now the frequent twisting about of your head as we passed those windows."

"Yes, Jackson," I answered. "I have taken an interest in bonnets ever since. I have never felt to make light of them, as some men do, even when they were at the smallest. Instead of criticising the shape or size, I think of the anxiety felt in their selection; of the terrible mental struggle before the last fatal words could be uttered. Consider, too, for a moment their close connection with the grand operations of Nature! How they and the trees put on their Spring trimmings together! And how, in the chilly Autumn days, both with one accord appear in their warm, glowing colors! Their scarlet and orange! Their crimson and purple! Many's the time I've been thankful to be so pleasantly notified of the changes going on at the home woodlot."

"Mylls, how long have you been married?"

"Oh, ten years, or so."

"Ah," cried he, throwing the end of his cigar in the fire, as he came suddenly down upon the front legs of his chair, "I fear, my friend, there's that upon you you'll never get over."

His dinner-bell rang just then, and I bid him good-morning. When I had reached the lower entry I heard him calling my name, as if in great distress. I hurried back—up three flights. He met me at his door, and rushed me to the window.

"Quick!" cried he, pointing to a lady just going out of sight. "That ribbon!—Solferino, or Magenta!"

In ten seconds I was tumbling down the last flight.

WHICH LOVETH BEST.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Man hath a sturdy and heroic soul;
He can go forth to war and victory,
Can master tears, can smother sighs and groans,
And, without terror, as a martyr die.

Woman hath feeble frame, and timid heart,
She shrinks in horror from the bloody strife;
Her tears *will* stream, her sighs and groans have way,
And not unfrighted can *she* yield her life.

Yet woman *hath a stronger heart* than man,
And woman's love more tender is and true;
Firmer her faith, quicker her sympathy,
And more for Jesus will she dare and do.

All through his mournful pilgrimage below
She was his tender, ever-faithful friend;
Man's fickle love oft wrung his soul with woe,
But *woman* loved him steadfast to the end.

◆

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNPLEASANT INTERRUPTION.

"I have been quite looking forward to your coming," said Agnes, joyously, as she assisted her visitors, and then collecting bonnet, hat and shawl, stowed them away, behind the baize screen, in her apology for a bedroom. "You may think it isn't many visitors I have in this poor place."

"It's very clean and nice," said Nelly, as she looked around her.

"Well, you know, in London, the higher one gets the better; and, though the stairs are tiring, we get the air a deal better; besides, that I have the landing to myself, for there's no one lives up here, and that, you know, is a good deal, when one has to pay for every bit of room one uses."

"Yes," said the elder woman, with a sigh, as, in strange contrast, there rose the picture of a cottage home, whose door opened upon the wind-swept cliffs, where the never-resting waves sent their music upward day and night, and the eyes were not freer than the feet to roam whither they would.

"I think it must be so different to you," said Agnes, "coming from the country, as you have so lately."

Nelly shook her head.

"It's use a good deal," she said, "and I shall get used, after a time, I suppose; it is more for her," and she pointed to little Ida, who, true to instinct, had got close to the press where stood the balsam, and was gazing up with parted lips and admiring eyes at the rich blossoms.

"Are you so fond of flowers, darling?" asked Agnes, with unwonted tenderness, even in her soft voice.

"Oh, yes," the child exclaimed, "it is *so* pretty."

"You haven't seen any flowers this long while, my dear," said Nelly, as the child, now catching sight of the geraniums at the high window, broke into fresh admiration.

"But she'll have some now," said the kind-hearted mistress of the room, rising; and, in spite of all the entreaties of Nelly, that she would not rob herself, she broke off a full blossom from the balsam, added to it a spray of geranium from the glass on the mantel-shelf, and gave them to Ida, whose sparkling eyes and eager thanks told how she valued the gift.

The little stool from the chimney-corner was set on the hearth between the two women, and Ida seated herself for the time, apparently finding sufficient enjoyment in the mere contemplation of her treasures.

"And how do you get on now with the boxes? do you find it any easier?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, much better—much," replied Nelly; "it was so very kind of you to come and show me; for it was just that one thing made it difficult; and when that was mastered, the rest came easy."

"Oh, indeed, it is all easy," returned the younger; "and, when they are busy again, I'll come round and show you how to manage the ornamenting, that pays twice as well; there's no reason in the world why you should not get the very best work of all. Though, indeed, it pays best working at the place; but that you could not manage."

Nelly looked at Ida, and shook her head.

"No, indeed you couldn't," said Agnes; "I'm sure *I* wouldn't persuade you."

"I am so slow," said Nelly, sadly; "it seems past belief to me how quick those girls work."

"Bless you, it's just use," said her friend; "why, by the time you've been six months at it you'll be as quick, and twice as clever. Oh! they wouldn't have tried you a second time if you had not pleased them. I know what they are; they saw you had a light hand, and was tasty, and that practice was all you wanted. Never fear but you will do; and, though it does pay but poorly, it's better than needlework, and not half so bad for the eyes."

"I am thankful to have found anything at all to do," said Nelly; "it was a mercy of Providence, and more than ever I could have hoped, a stranger as I was."

"You wouldn't mind, would you?" said Agnes, hesitating a little in her query. "You did tell me a good deal that evening, when you were so kind as to give me shelter at your place. I've thought of you ever since, and how, after all, you got to London. If you didn't mind telling me, I should so like to hear the rest."

"I'm sure I oughtn't to mind telling you anything, that have been so kind," said the other; "and, if it's any pleasure, I'll tell you all there is to tell."

"But we'll have tea first, though," said her young entertainer, now rising and sitting down the little girl with a fond kiss.

Cheered by their kind entertainer's frank heartiness, the mother and child made a meal such as, truth to say, they had long been strangers to. The small room, too, with its open windows, its peep of sunshine and blue sky, the odor of flowers, and perfect cleanliness, was a paradise, after the dirty back parlor, that looked out upon the fouler back yard, with its unhealthy smells, and sights, and sounds, in the neighborhood of Gray's Inn Lane.

"I told you the other day," said Nelly to Agnes, after tea, "how kindly we were treated by the old lady at the great empty house; and though she did say what sounded harsh to me, I make no doubt she meant it for the best; it taught me one thing, and I made up my mind I would say less about myself in the future. I can't tell what made me speak out as I did to you, when I had known you so short a time; but you was so kind to *her*, and it seemed as if there was not a creature cared for us; it was a relief to speak to you."

"I am very, very glad you did," said Agnes, stroking the head of little Ida, which rested on her lap. Nelly went on:

"The young woman had told me that a cart would call at the house that evening, and the driver would be glad to give me a lift; so we left there quite comfortable and set-up with the rest of so many days.

"The cart went as far as a market town; I forget the name, but the man, when he put us down at the door of the inn where he stopped, told us if we went to the far end, we should find a quiet little place to get a night's lodging, kept by a widow woman that was related some way to him.

"It was quite late on in the night, and they were all a-bed in the house, and when I had knocked a good bit, and nobody came, I began to think about going back into the town; for it was coming on to drizzle with a small rain, and I was sorely afraid for her.

"I had just made up my mind to turn back, and chance the cost of a bed at the bigger place—for I should have told you the young woman at the house, Rachel her name was, made me take some money, bless her! it did us no good, but that was not her fault—and just as I turned from the door, a woman came along, and it was so dark she was close upon us before I saw her; and hearing me knocking, I suppose she guessed what I was seeking; and she asked me did I want a lodging?

"Of course I said yes, and she told me she could save me the trouble of going back into the town, for the house where she was going—she never said she belonged to it, I noticed that afterwards—they let lodgings, she said; and it would be cheaper and a great deal more comfortable than this.

"Well, I never suspected anything wrong; I was very anxious to get my dear child in out of the rain and cold; so I thanked the woman, and followed her at once.

"It was a miserable, wretched place, up a dark, dreary kind of street; as well as I could make out, the houses were old tumble-down places, even worse than that she took us to.

"In the room we went through there was an old man sitting over the fire, and a dreadful ill-looking boy, with red hair, picking birds in one corner.

"There was hardly a bit of furniture in the place, though there was a great blazing fire, and I longed for Ida to have had a good warm before we went to bed; but it was all so dirty and wretched, and such queer folks, that I did not care to, and when the woman asked would I want any supper, I said no, we would go to bed at once.

"There was a pretty good bed in the room, that was big enough for half a dozen, for it went the length of the house, but there was nothing else in it but a big chest, and oh! *so* dirty, it was dreadful to look at; the floor and the walls, and even to the bed-clothes.

"The woman made some excuse, I quite forget what; but my dear one was so sleepy, that I was thinking all of getting her to bed.

"I paid for it at once, for, as I told her, we should be starting away early; and she spoke fair enough, and said if I felt lonely at all, I could fasten the door, and then she bade me good night.

"I *did* fasten the door, and I found it fast in the morning. We were so tired, I must have slept too sound, for when I jumped up, all in a fright, seeing how broad daylight it was, my bundle was gone from my side—with everything I had in the world; *her* bits of clothes that the dear, good girl had washed and done up for me; and several little things the kind folks had given us, even the little cakes that the young woman baked a purpose for the dear child the day before."

"And the money!" cried Agnes.

"Every penny of it, with the exception of the few halfpence that the woman had given me in change, the night before, and that I had happened to put out of my hand on the sill of the casement when I made it fast. There stood the little heap of halfpence just as I'd put it, but my bundle and all in it was gone!"

"And the pretty beads!" put in the child, in an undertone, with a sigh and a shake of her little head, as if recalling the circumstance to herself.

"I believe at the moment," Nelly continued, "I was most vexed for the poor, dear child—it did seem so cruel to have taken her poor things, and the little odds and ends that she had set store by. I believe I was the worst of the two about it; for Ida was all for starting, as if she'd got it into her head we should find it on the way."

"Whatever *did* you do?"

"Well, you see," Nelly went on, "it was so strange, the door had never been undone, it looked just exactly the same as I left it the night before; and the woman had taken such pains to show me the fastening."

"Of course," cried Agnes, "don't you see? they had some other way of getting in! Oh, the wicked wretches! and, of course, that was to put you off your guard."

"May be so," said Nelly, with a sigh, and she continued: "I dressed all in a hurry and ran down stairs; there was nobody there but the old man I'd seen the night before, sitting exactly the same, and, for all the world, as if he had never been to bed at all. I spoke to him, and tried to make him understand what I had lost, but he was so deaf I might as well have spoken to the door—and when I shouted again, trying to make him hear, he looked up so savage and wild, and seemed looking round for something to hit me with, that I drew back quite afraid.

"Just then the red-headed boy came in, and he stood still and stared at me, and then he said, 'You'd best not put granny in a passion, else he'll heave something at ye—he almost killed mother, he did.'

"Then I told the boy about the bundle, but he only gave a horrid grin—oh, he had such a dreadful look! and he said his mother was gone out to work, and wouldn't be home till night; and if I'd locked the door, how could anything be stolen?"

"I said so!" Agnes exclaimed.

Nelly sighed.

"It was no use—I saw that—to say anything more; I could not find any one else at all in the place, and it all looked so horrible, I was glad to get away.

"There was a great heap of feathers in the corner where the boy had been picking the birds the night before, and great spots of blood, and some pheasants' heads and necks lying about, just as they'd been chopped off; an old sack was partly laid over them, and there was a bit sticking in the boy's matted hair, as if he had slept on them. He was stuffing them in the sack all of a hurry when I went up stairs again to Ida, and when we came down to go every bit was gone, and the spots had been rubbed over with sand.

"I noticed all that at the time, like, without seeing it, and it seemed to come back in my mind afterwards like a dream."

"Why hadn't you gone to the justice's and made a piece of work?" asked Agnes; "I never would have given up my things like that!"

"Ay, dear," said Nelly, "what was I, a stranger and a woman, to do? Besides, it would never have done, you see, to have been hindered—may-be for days—upon the road, and not a penny to help us."

There was another reason for avoiding delay which Nelly had not named; for, warned by the judgment of Dame Tibbetts, she had not confided the whole of her strange history to her new acquaintance, but had contented herself with mentioning the death of her first husband, without even touching upon the existence of a second.

She continued—"I did call at the house where I had been directed by the carrier, and the good woman said how sorry she was she had not heard me the night before, and how glad she would have been to make us comfortable.

"She shook her head when I told her where we had slept, and about the loss of the bundle, we weren't the first, she said, that had been robbed in the house; and, from what I made out, they were regular bad people; poachers and the like—and folks did not care to meddle with them.

"She was very kind, and would make us have some breakfast, before we set forward again on our road, just as bare as could be, and even worse off than when we met with Mrs. Tibbetts, except, indeed, for the rest we had got."

"I have often noticed," said Agnes, "that after any good fortune, bad often comes all on a sudden, as if it made up for it."

"Ay, and the contrary, too, more than once has happened to us, I am sure," said Nelly; "and when I have not known whatever would become of us, something right out of the way has turned up, quite mercifully and providentially.

"Just as this was. It was the third day after we lost our bundle, and we had kept on the road, from village to village; and now and again, kind folks that I asked the way of, would ask us to rest, and offer the child some milk, and more than once we got a hearty meal from the good people. But, oh, it did seem strange at first; I could not have brought myself to it but for her."

Agnes shook her head as if she had known that feeling, and Nelly went on—

"I don't know what we should have done else, for the few pence I had I was obliged to keep for a bed, and two nights we managed to get one; they were wretched places, but anything was better than the open air; and so, as I tell you, we had got along those two days—and being fine, we had managed pretty well. I carried *her* now and again, but she would keep up with me, poor child, and never complained; indeed, she was quite taken up with something she had picked up that morning, trotting along in front of me, looking for flowers, as she always does.

"You will say it was an odd thing, a fox's tail, quite a long brush, just like the men stick in their hats when they come in from the hunt.

"Poor dear, she was so pleased with her big feather, as she called it, that I hoped she would not feel the hunger so badly, for we had but one bit of bread the whole day, and a drop of milk she got at a cottage. What to do for bread or victuals I could not know; I hadn't a halfpenny in the world, and it was getting on towards evening, while we were still out on a wild looking road, and no signs of any town or village to be seen.

"I began to think that we had indeed come to the worst, and I might as well look for some dry corner where we should try to rest for the night.

"A house or a cottage we had not seen for miles, and hardly a human creature. All at once I heard horses' feet coming slowly along, and in a little while up came two gentlemen, the one leading his horse, the other riding slowly beside him.

"They just turned to look careless like at us, but he gave a start, the one on foot, and jumped towards the child when he saw what she had in her hand.

"'Would she sell it to him?' he asked; 'where did she find it?' Ida began to tell him, but was flurried, and I told the gentleman, but he didn't seem to care. All he wanted was to buy it of her, and, as the child had given it up the moment he asked—for I could hardly say we would sell what hardly was our's—he pushed some money into her hand, and kissed her, and jumped on his horse; then he cried out, 'It's just the thing; we shall win it now!' The other gentleman clapped him on the back, and they galloped off together; and there we stood, just like in a dream; and when I looked in the dear child's hand, it was a golden sovereign."

"Think of that!" cried Agnes. "Whatever on earth could gentlemen want with such a thing?"

"What, indeed?" said Nelly.

"Likely, to play some trick with," observed Agnes.

"But think of a sovereign," returned Nelly.

"Oh, *gentlemen* don't mind what they pay for their whims," replied the other, with a slight bitterness in her tone. "But please go on; how glad you must have been."

"Yes," Nelly pursued, stroking the little head that now rested on her knee. "The dear pet cried out that it was a shilling; and it was some minutes before I found it out. Oh! dear, you can't think what a blessing the sight of that money was."

"Indeed I can," Agnes said, feelingly.

"I took Ida in my arms, and set off as fast as I could walk; but it was a good hour and a half more, before we got to the town. Such a large place it was, the biggest town that ever I had been in; and, with the noise and confusion, I felt quite scared, and was glad to get into the first decent looking place to ask for a bed. But it was a long while before I could find one; they all gave the same answer, that they were full; I have thought since, that it was our shabby-looking things set them against taking us—I was not so used to the ways of towns then."

"Oh! one lives and learns," philosophized her friend.

"We did get a place at last, and hungry as the dear child was, she was more tired, for she fell asleep with a bit of bread and butter in her hand; and oh, how we did both sleep that night! I never felt a bed so welcome!

"Next morning my feet were so worn and blistered, I could hardly set them to the ground, and when I told the woman of the house how it was, and the hurry I was in to get to London, she said there was market carts going back to Deansholme, which was the next town thirteen miles on the road, so there was a chance.

"I was glad to pay something for it, and when we got out at Deansholme, and had a rest in the fields just outside the town, I was able to get on a bit again.

"I had bought something at Deansholme to eat on the way, and with another lift from a good-natured farming man that pitied the child trotting along, we slept that night at—I forget the name of the place, but I know how glad I was when they told me it was but fourteen miles to London."

"You felt as if the worst was done when you got here?"

"Yes—I had heard so much of London, and how work was always to be had for the seeking."

Agnes Chaunce smiled sadly, and shook her head.

"I cannot tell you," Nelly went on, "how different it all seemed, the nearer we got to the towns; there was not so much as a drop of water to be had, scarce, without paying for it; and where, in the cottages, the good women would ask me to wash my face and hands, and make the dear child clean and comfortable, there was not even where we slept the chance of a wash nor a brush without the money—eh, dear!"

"Yes," said Agnes, again slowly shaking her head; "nothing without money, and everything for it," she added, with a little sigh.

"I knew by this," Nelly continued, "that I should have the money I had last out the more carefully, and we set out early to walk the rest of the way. And it was that time I got such a dreadful fright with losing the dear child."

"*Lost* her!" exclaimed her listener.

"It was in the latter part of the afternoon, the road was very tiring, so dusty and straight; and coming to a piece of green common, I was glad to sit down under the side of a hillock, and rest a bit. Ida had dozed with her head in my lap, and I, after a bit, dozed too, in spite of myself, for I meant to be getting on.

"It couldn't have been long, but all at once I woke up in a sudden fright, and yet with no noise either, and the child was gone."

An exclamation burst from the lips of Agnes, and she leaned forward in her anxiety to hear more.

"I was on my feet in a moment," Nelly went on. "I rushed to the top of the hillock; I looked all round, but could see nothing, only a donkey grazing a good way off on the common."

"I cried out, I don't know what—I screamed—I felt I should go mad. I ran across to another hillock a little distance off, and something higher than the first, and just as I reached it, a man ran across from a clump of trees, jumped on to the donkey, and was off at full speed, and then, a long way off, I spied some dark figures moving over the heath, that I could just make out to be more people and beasts. I guessed in a moment they were gipsies, and that they had carried away my dear child.

"Oh, I can never tell you what I felt. I believe in another moment I should have dropped dead, for as I ran down the hill to rush after the wretches, my knees shook and my breath stopped, when all at once I heard the dear pet's voice crying out to me, and saw her coming towards me from among the trees.

"You may think how I rushed to her, and had her in my arms in a minute; eh, dear, it was like getting back my life again.

"The fact was, the poor thing had wandered away from my side, looking for flowers, and all at once coming in sight of the gipsies—they had a fire lighted behind the trees—she was frightened, and had hid herself in the furze bushes till they had rode off.

"But I was in such a tremble with the fright, that I could not set forward to walk again, so I rested with her in my arms till a cart came along, and the man gave us a lift, and very kindly would not take a penny of me; and so we came to the place they call Brentford, and he left us there, and advised me to stop for that night, as it was a good step to walk, though for that matter, he said, all one as London, in a manner of speaking.

"I was so glad to hear that, and so thankful that the terrible fright had not been real, that I felt as though all was to prosper us now, and we made a hearty supper, and slept well, though the bed was a poor one, and they did charge very high indeed for it.

"And the next day we came into London. Oh, if I could have dreamed what a place it was, I believe I never should have dared to venture. When I saw these crowded streets, and the noise, and the bustle, and not a face but was strange, and stared at one, and the folks jostling as if they did not care whether they pushed you under foot.

"I held her tight by the hand, and I felt so bewildered and lost, that at last I fairly broke down, and cried as I went on and on, and seemed as if, among all those grand shops and houses, we had no business at all, and that I should have to go back just the way we had come, or else starve in the streets."

"Ah! poor thing!" sighed Agnes. "It is bad to feel that way, but there's many this very day just the same."

"I suppose so," said Nelly; "'tis an awful place for a forlorn stranger.

"Then every one seemed to think badly of me directly I ventured to speak to them. I went into one or two shops that didn't seem so grand, and asked, could they tell me of any work? but they looked, dear, dear, as if they fancied I was going to steal, and spoke so cold, and followed me to the door, my heart fairly sunk; and the second day my last farthing was gone, and it came on to rain, with a cold wind at night; and I sat me down, with the dear child in my arms, on a door-step. I thought, surely it was a judgment on me for taking on me to come so far, and more than all for risking her.

"The shops were all shutting up, and the streets got dark, and there was fewer people about; it was such a wretched night, and I felt it would be her death, almost, to remain in the streets, for the poor dear had taken a cold, and it went to my heart to hear her hard breathing as she lay in my arms wrapped up in my shawl.

"God knows I had done for the best, and yet I felt that night as if He judged me for my impatience, and that His hand was heavy upon me, and I prayed as if it was my last, that, at least, she might be spared.

"It was a quiet street where I had sat down, and the house seemed empty; at the corner was a big shop with a very bright light, and it did seem some comfort to look at that, till they began to put up the shutters, and at last there was only one little streak of light left—one notices these little things at times. I had seen a lady pass up and down where I sat several times; she was beautifully dressed, for I heard silks rustle as she passed; the last time she turned short back, and she stooped down and whispered hurriedly, 'Will you do something for me? I will pay you!'

"I said 'Yes' in a moment, and before I could ask what it was, she had pulled a ring off her finger, and said, speaking very fast, 'Take it in there quick, before they close; get a sovereign on it, no more, but be quick, for mercy's sake!'

"She pointed to the shop as she spoke. I stood up and took the ring, but I was all in a maze, for I had no idea what she meant.

"'Am I to sell it, ma'am?' I asked her. 'No, no!' she said, quite hoarse with haste; 'pledge it, pledge it in your own name, quick! Stay, get five-and-twenty shillings to pay yourself—give me the child, *quick!*'

"Still I was all abroad, but I said no more, for I saw she was in some trouble, and I thought the shop folks would understand; but I wouldn't let my darling again out of my sight, so I carried her in my arms, and the poor lamb went where she had never been, nor I neither, till then—inside of a pawnbroker's."

"Ah! it was all new to you," said Agnes, who had now lifted Ida to her knee, and was making up the flowers into a bouquet, with some strips of satin—the child's eyes glistening with delight, her little hand resting lovingly on the girl's shoulder.

"Indeed it was," Nelly went on, "but I went in as brave as could be, and showed the man in the shop the ring. He took it, and just asked 'How much?' and dropped some stuff from a bottle onto it, and then gave me the money, but, just as he was counting it, he looked up at me, sharp-like, and asked was it my own? I said a lady had sent me, and he said no more, only gave me the money, and the bit of card—the ticket—I know *now* what it is called. He was in a great hurry, and the door was shut after me the moment I came out.

"I took the money to the lady—she was standing in the dark, just as I had left her, and she quite snatched at the money, in her eagerness, but she only took the pound, and bid me keep the rest for myself. I thanked her, and just as she was hurrying off I made bold to ask her did she know where I could get a decent place to sleep in? for I had seen enough since I came to London to make me more on my guard.

She pointed down a street, and gave me some direction, all in a hurry, and then she was off in a moment.

"I tried to find the place, but could not, and at last I ventured to ask at a coffee-shop, and I found a bed, and so we got shelter once more."

"How providential!" said Agnes.

"Yes, indeed," returned the other; "and it was the means, too, of helping me further; for, you see, I had had about me all the while something that I could have made money of, and this just set me thinking; and next day I took the old ring I had sewn up in my dress and kept safe through all, and I got some money in the same way—pledged, as they call it. I never could have made up my mind to part with that ring outright, unless, indeed, for *her* sake, but I found out by this that I could get money for it, and yet not lose my ring; and, indeed, I was truly thankful for the help.

"Whatever we should have done without, I don't know; for my dear child fell ill with the cough, and I had to nurse her, and get medicine, and pay for a little room and bed, all through.

"Many and many times have I thought of that accident that was the means of helping us."

"Then your worst troubles were over?" Agnes said.

"I was not so pinched again," Nelly went on. "It was just when my darling was getting better, and I could begin to take her out, and look about me again, that the woman where I lodged—I had asked her about work—told me that at her brother's in the City she had seen a bill for hands to work at making fancy things, and she advised me to try.

"So I went; but I found that one must know something before of the work, and I could never attempt it. But the young man was very kind, and took the trouble to direct me to another place, that he said he knew wanted hands, and where the work was quite simple."

"And that was Peters's?"

"Yes; they were glad to give work, but then they wanted me in the house, and that I could not do; but I took it home and tried, and made a poor hand of it, till I met you; and you know how very much——"

"Yes, yes," Agnes interrupted, kindly; "and I know how very capital a hand——"

She stopped short, for a loud voice broke upon their conversation, and, the door being flung open with a rude hand, Agnes beheld her father totter into the room, followed by Mrs. Grejons, with flashing eyes, and cap-strings streaming on the breeze, occasioned by her own brisk evolutions.

At sight of Agnes the old man began to utter incoherent complaints of the stairs, mingled with information on the subject of the birds, and finally, at sight of the visitors, to whimper and murmur like a child that has been dispossessed of its rights.

But the landlady's voice, at its highest pitch, made itself heard above all.

"So, madam, you're a pretty article to set yourself up in a decent woman's house!" she cried, advancing into the room, and fixing her eyes on Agnes Chaunce, who sat pale and motionless. "Aren't you ashamed to look me in the face? a good-for-nothing, deceitful hussy, to come a-palming yourself off with your fair-speaking words, and quiet ways, on a quiet, respectable house like mine—aren't you ashamed, I say? A nice one *you* to have that hinnocent child on your lap." Nelly had started forward and had clasped little Ida in her arms ere the words were well uttered. "*You*, indeed, that must have a 'quiet and a airy room,' forsooth"—the enraged female minced the words with a scornful affectation of superiority—"*quiet*, indeed! as if any room weren't good enough, and too good, for a wench that——why, ma'am, would you believe it—for I make no doubt she's himposed on you likewise—that gal there as has dared to hoccupy this room of mine nigh on eight months this blessed week—she has been a mother, ma'am, for all hinnocent as she looks, and as great a——"

"Hush, oh, pray, pray," cried Agnes, interrupting her with tears; "do not say such dreadful things; think of the child."

"The child, indeed! I wonder you have the face to look the child in the face, or her mother either, which, ma'am, as I take it you're a respectable female, and no mind to associate with such as is no better than she should be, not to say worse——"

But I spare my pen the sullying of such language as in her virtuous wrath Mrs. Grejons gave vent to; making the most and worst by reiteration of the facts she had learned, aided by a vivid imagination. Agnes grew white, and the tears poured over her cheeks; for the minute she seemed to have lost the power of speech; as for Nelly, she stood aghast, still holding Ida to her side.

"You do not turn from me, dear Mrs. Franklen?" faltered the sobbing girl; "you do not believe all the cruel things——"

"*Believe!*" cried the enraged Grejons—"believe! when I had it all from the very best authority! when I know where the child lays buried and the place where she lodged; and if my first floor was to hear of it, as I harbored such, would be giving me warning! But you'll darken my doors not another hour, madam! So off you go this blessed night, as fast as *you* please."

The door was slammed to after the retreating form of the virtuous widow; and Agnes advanced to lead her father to his old seat, which Nelly had vacated.

Bursting from her mother's restraining hand, the child met her half way, threw her tiny arms around the sobbing girl, and pulled her down till she met the face drenched in tears, and covered it with tears of childish pity.

"Don't cry," she said, earnestly; "don't please let her cry, mother;" and she made an attempt to pull Agnes to Nelly, who had still held aloof. "Don't let her cry, mother; she's good, mother. Please don't cry cause that big woman scold you; please don't, dear; dear, don't cry."

In her earnest sympathy, Ida was mingling her tears with those of the poor penitent, which flowed beyond restraint, as, stooping, she smothered the sweet child with kisses.

The mother's tenderness conquered the prejudice of the woman, and the next moment her hand, too, was on the bowed head, and she kindly exhorted Agnes to hold up and tell her the worst.

The poor girl shook her head.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is bad, very bad, but not so dreadful as she said; and oh! God knows how I have repented, how I have tried, how I have worked!"

She cast her eyes round the bare and comfortless room, an hysterical convulsion shook her slight form, and she fell fainting on the arm of Nelly, little Ida still holding to her hands in tearful sorrow. To be continued.

◆

A MAN that loves to be peevish and paramount, and to play the sovereign at every turn, does but blast the blessings of life, and swagger away his own enjoyments.

A PÆAN.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I cannot see the world is fair,
Nor drink the sunshine, breathe the air,
Nor live, and not make life a prayer.

A prayer of praise, a sweet "All Hail!"
To wander up through Mercy's pale,
A pæan rather than a wail.

Benignly through their ether bars,
Far, far above earth's dreary jars,
Gaze down the royal God-poised stars.

I gaze beyond each sphered star,
I rise through yonder calm afar,
To where my Father's mansions are.

No phantasy of dazzling deed,
No cramping cincture of a creed,
Can calm with calm my deeper need.

I bare my forehead to the sky,
And life's full fountain fills so high,
Only to breathe is ecstacy.

The nectar of all vanished springs,
This spring from her brimmed censer flings,
Thrills with new life all living things.

I have a lover's kiss for you,
Rath violets, rimmed with balmy dew,
From moss-weft covert peering through.

I have no tear, no note forlorn,
For you, sweet breezes of the morn,—
I'm glad this morn that I was born.

Come in, soft sunshine of the day—
Serene soft sunshine, God's own ray—
To brighten all my upward way!

Down you hushed heaven stealing through,
God's blessing, healing as the dew,
Makes all my being blossom new.

THE DEATH OF LA SALLE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the year 1667 there landed upon the wild banks of the St. Lawrence a young Frenchman, who, impelled by a spirit of romantic enterprise, had exchanged the elegancies and refinements, and the pleasures so tempting to youth, in his native land, for the dangers, hardships and privations to be encountered in the wilderness of the New World.

That he might the better prepare himself for the adventurous life he had chosen, he had renounced a rich inheritance, and placed himself under the pious teachings and severe discipline of the "Holy Brotherhood of Jesus," a school that turned out so many noble and self-sacrificing pioneers, whose footsteps may now, after the lapse of centuries, be traced all over the continent.

Where his little vessel first touched the shore, there soon arose the picketed enclosure and rude cabins of the Fur Trader; and from this small beginning sprang that extensive commerce with the red men of the North and West, that gave fame and fortunes to the bold adventurers of New France.

From this little stockade started forth those romantic explorers and voyageurs, who first opened to the world the vast and wonderful inland seas and rivers, and the incalculable resources of the continent; and from this spot, also, sailed those noble missionaries of Christianity, who, entering fearlessly the wigwams of the savage tribes, with friendly presents in one hand and in the other the sacred emblem of their religion, prepared the way for that European civilization which so rapidly kindled over the land.

Robert Cavalier de la Salle was this youthful adventurer. He it was who first circumnavigated the shores of Lake Ontario, and launched his canoe in the crystal waters of Lake Erie. His was the first European eye that gazed enraptured and awed upon the sublime spectacle of Niagara, and his was the honor to announce to the world the discovery of this wonderful cataract.

Returning to France with the report of his adventures, he received at the hand of Louis Fourteenth, that "most magnificent of the Bourbon Kings," the rank of nobility, and the grant of Fort Frontenac and its jurisdiction—an extensive region, and the exclusive trade with all the natives of the country. Hundreds of his countrymen accompanied him on his return, and soon a thriving and happy colony settled about him. Fields were opened, and in a few months, where had flourished the grand old forests, rich, smiling harvests stood ready for the sickle. His herds multiplied; the friendly Iroquois reared their cabins about the outskirts of his settlement; and the Indians of the Five Nations resorted to his post with their rich furs and peltries. In short, the adventurer was on the high road to fame and a princely fortune.

But the restless spirit of La Salle would not permit him to remain among his people, when vast lakes and unexplored rivers in the West and South beckoned him to their bosoms. His imagination had been inflamed by the romantic stories told him by his brother explorer, the brave old missionary of the cross, Marquette; he had listened to the recitals of Joliet; and had read the voyages of Columbus, and the wild adventures of De Soto, the discoverer of the Missisippi. His friendly Indians had also told him of a great and beautiful river in the South, which they named the Ohio, which flowed into the "Father of Waters," and on which no white man's keel had ever floated; and the young enthusiast, excited by visions of the future wealth and greatness which awaited this unexplored wilderness, determined upon penetrating it, and establishing colonies along the magnificent streams, and opening a commerce with his native land, which was to pour into the coffers of his generous monarch countless riches.

Impelled with this vast scheme for the aggrandizement of his country, La Salle once more returned to France, where he was granted a commission to prosecute his discoveries, and the monopoly of the traffic in the furs of the country.

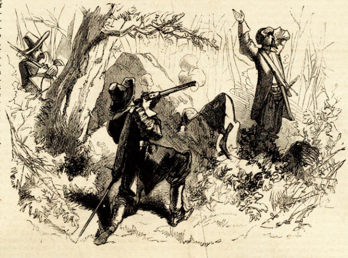
Accompanied by the veteran Tonti, with Father Hennepin and two other Franciscans, and a large force of mechanics and sailors, with every requisite for fitting out a magnificent fleet of boats, the autumn of 1678 finds him in the upper Niagara, and in the vicinity of Buffalo Creek, collecting furs and preparing for the exploration of the great lakes and the valley of the Mississippi in the coming Spring. But much was to be done; and it was not till August 1679 that his fleet of "wooden canoes" raised their white sails to the breezes of Lake Erie.

With favoring winds, his boats reached the beautiful and island-dotted Detroit; and thence entered the shallow lake beyond, to which he gave the name of St. Clair; and escaping the storms which always await the voyageur in Lake Huron, they arrived safely at Mackinaw, where La Salle landed, and established the first trading house upon these shores. Leaving here a little colony, and a trusty agent to open a commerce with the surrounding tribes, the voyageurs pushed on to Green Bay in Lake Michigan. Here the little fleet cast anchor, and La Salle despatched one of his vessels to Niagara River, loaded to the gunwales with a most valuable cargo of the choicest furs, while he himself, with a chosen crew, explored the head of the lake; and while awaiting the return of his vessel, he constructed at the mouth of the St. Joseph a trading house, surrounded with palisades, which he called the Fort of the Miamies. But no tidings ever came of the richly-freighted craft. She doubtless went down amid the stormy waves of the treacherous Huron, carrying with her every soul on board.

Impatient of delay, the untiring explorer, with a portion of his followers, pushed on to the Illinois, and upon the banks of Peoria Lake, formed an alliance of friendship and trade with the natives, who welcomed them with joy, and offered to guide the strangers to the mouth of the Great River, the course of which they described.

But the loss of the fur laden bark now became a certainty, and with it La Salle had lost nearly all he possessed of worldly goods, and clouds began to hang gloomily over him; for in the loss of his wealth, his discoveries must necessarily be delayed. His men also began to despond, and at length "fear and discontent pervaded his company." While thus beset by misfortune, La Salle built a fort upon the banks of the Illinois, and almost despairing named it Fort Crevecœur.

"Yet here," says the historian, "the immense power of his will appeared. Dependent on himself, fifteen hundred miles from the nearest French settlement, impoverished, pursued by enemies in Quebec, and in the wilderness, surrounded by uncertain nations, he inspired his men with resolution to saw trees into planks and prepare a bark; he dispatched Louis Hennepin to explore the upper Mississippi; he questioned the Illinois and their southern captives on the course of the Mississippi; he formed conjectures respecting the Tennessee river; and then, as new recruits were needed, and sails and cordage for the bark, in the month of March, with a musket and a pouch of powder and shot, with a blanket for his protection, and skins for moccasins, he, with three companions, set off on foot for Fort Fontenac, to trudge through thickets and forests, to wade through marshes and melting snows, having for his pathway the ridge of highlands which divide the basin of the Ohio from that of the lakes—without drink, except water from the brooks—without food, except such as his gun supplied. Of his thoughts on that long journey, no record exists."



Before his departure for the distant settlements, La Salle had directed Tonti to fortify a a rock on the Illinois river, a little distance from Fort Crevecœur. This was a high cliff, where he hoped, in case of hostilities from the Indians, the colony would be able to defend themselves till his return.

But soon after his absence, the men deserted; and being attacked by the treacherous Iroquois, Tonti and the few that had remained true, were forced to flee and seek the protection of the Potawatomies.

When, therefore, having again navigated the chain of lakes, La Salle again reached the Illinois with large supplies of all necessary stores and rigging, and with a sufficient number of men, he found all his plans again thwarted and delayed by this unexpected absence of his colony. Another year was spent at Green Bay, in trading with the Indians, hunting up Tonti and his men, and building another brigantine; and finally this resolute voyager, in the Spring of 1682, succeeded in reaching the waters of the Mississippi, and with exultant feelings, drew up his boat upon the salt marsh at the mouth of the mighty river, and gazed out upon the crested waves of the Gulf of Mexico. Neither does there exist a record of the glowing thoughts that must have burned in his bosom, at the glorious reward of his many toils and painful journeyings.

"His sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country. As he floated down its flood; as he framed a cabin on the first Chicksaw bluff; as he raised the cross by the Arkansas; as he planted the arms of France near the Gulf of Mexico; he anticipated the future affluence of emigrants, and heard in the distance the footsteps of the advancing multitudes, that were coming to take possession of the valley."

Having accomplished this important voyage, and returned to the St. Lawrence, La Salle once more embarked for his native France. Again on the 24th of July, 1684, he left Rochelle, with four vessels, and a large party of adventurers, to take possession of the fertile valley he had explored. Among his companions on this voyage, were a brother and two nephews, the latter were young Cavalier, and the "rash, passionate Moranget."

Beaujeu, the naval commander of the expedition, is represented as being "deficient in judgment, incapable of sympathy with the magnanimous heroism of La Salle, envious, self-willed, and foolishly proud."

This man stubbornly thwarted all the plans and wishes of his passenger; and, as a matter of course, a quarrel soon put the two leaders at variance; and to add to the misfortunes of La Salle, disasters followed the ships, from the moment they left sight of the French coast.

At length, however, the fleet arrived at St. Domingo, where the commander purposely delayed it; and La Salle saw already the shadow of his coming misfortunes. On the first of January, 1685, the colonists again embarked, and on the tenth of the month were near the mouth of the Mississippi. But the obstinate Beaujeu refused to steer for it, asserting that it was still to the westward; and still to the west they sailed, till at last they entered the Bay of Matagorda, upon the coast of Texas.

Now convinced of his error, the self-willed and ignorant Beaujeu proposed to retrace his voyage to the mouth of the river; but La Salle, disgusted with bickerings, and hoping to find an entrance to the Mississippi through this bay, determined to disembark.

While providing for the comfort of the emigrants on shore, his storeship was wrecked, and the fleet sailed away, leaving him in utter destitution, upon this inhospitable shore, with over two hundred terror-stricken and despairing men, women and children; and to add to the horrors of their situation, they were attacked by the Indians, and plundered of the little stores they had rescued from the wreck.

All now depended upon the giant energy of their heroic leader; and by his earnest appeals, they endeavored to repair the evils that had befallen them. Gathering from the beach the fragments of the broken wreck, they were induced to erect a temporary palisade, as a protection from the savages; and after a few days, courage and hope being restored, he moved further up the bay, and commenced a more permanent shelter, which he called Fort St. Louis, in honor of the French monarch, under whose auspices the colony had embarked.

From this point excursions were started in search of the desired river. They found a singularly luxuriant and productive country, covered with vast herds of buffaloes and deer, and water abounding in shell and other fish, and swarming with wild fowl.

Satisfied that his people could defend themselves against the Indians, while there was no fear of a scarcity of food, La Salle now proposed to make one more search for the Mississippi, in canoes obtained from the savages.

But after an absence of several months, and the loss of most of his party by sickness and starvation, he returned, diseased and nearly naked, and announced to the occupants of Fort St. Louis the entire failure of his voyage, and the utter hopelessness of ever reaching the "fatal river" from the waters of Matagorda Bay.

Notwithstanding the depressing influence of this disappointment, the energy of this brave man did not desert him. He made long and arduous journeys into the interior of the country, even as far as Santa Barbara, in Mexico, in search of the fabled El Dorado; for the natives had inflamed the imaginations of the strangers with stories of rich mines of gold and silver, which abounded there. To make good these reports, the Indians exchanged masses of these precious metals with the colonists for trinkets they had preserved from the wreck of their stranded ship.

On the return of La Salle from this journey, in which he was again doomed to disappointment, he found his people discontented, and clamorous to leave what they termed the "inhospitable shore of the fatal bay."

But means were not at hand; and again he determined to undertake a long and almost hopeless journey. Such was the indomitable energy and perseverance of this courageous man, that, promising the desired relief, he set forth with the intention of seeking once more aid from his old companions in Canada. Between him and that distant country stretched a wide continent. But what was that to his unconquered and unconquerable will! To cross the boundless plains, and wade through swamps and marshes—to climb mountains, and swim countless rivers—to brave hunger and thirst, and the wild beasts of the wilderness, and the wilder savages, in search of his object, did not intimidate this heroic spirit, but stimulated him to almost superhuman efforts. Two long and gloomy years had passed since he had landed on the beach of Matagorda; and on the 12th day of January, 1687, just twenty years after his feet first pressed the banks of the St. Lawrence, in company with sixteen of his followers, he started forth.

He had not journeyed many days before he detected a mutinous spirit in his little company. Day by day it developed itself, and even the strong will of the brave captain could not check it. The leaders of the disaffected were two men named L'Archevêque and Duhant, who, having embarked all their capital in the Mississippi adventure, and having been disappointed, threw all the blame of their misfortune upon La Salle, and were now waiting only for a favorable opportunity to take a cowardly revenge upon him.

Impatient of control, and maddened by sufferings, and their disappointed hopes of sudden wealth, these men had determined on the death of their leader.

Through all the cares and trials of his wanderings, La Salle had never forgotten the pious teachings of his youth, or neglected the observances of religion. The Sabbath was always a day of rest and prayer, and it was always his wont, on this day, to select some pleasant encampment, and gathering the companions of his journey about him, celebrate the service of mass.

For this purpose, on the 17th day of March, he had halted on the bank of the Trinity river, in Texas, near the present village of Swartwout, in the County of Polk. All his company was in attendance but L'Archevêque and his brother conspirator, Duhant; they, on pretence of procuring meat, had early absented themselves.

At mid-day one of these men returned to the camp, and invited young Moranget, the nephew of La Salle, to accompany them to the prairie, to assist in bringing in the carcass of a buffalo they pretended to have shot. Scarcely had they passed beyond the hearing of the company, when one of the men, who was secreted in a clump of bushes, fired upon the youth, and shot him through the head. He fell to the ground dead.

The Sabbath day wore away, and toward evening La Salle, becoming anxious at the continued absence of the young man, sallied out in search of him.

Entering a copse, on the margin of the river, he espied L'Archevêque skulking as if to avoid meeting him. Immediately alarmed at the manner of the man, whose fidelity he already distrusted, La Salle called to him, and demanded to know where his nephew was.

L'Archevêque pretended that the young man had left him, in company with Duhant, in search of more game.

The conduct of the man was such that La Salle suspecting the truth, promptly accused him of murdering his nephew.

"It is true!" exclaimed the wretch; "and now, grand Bashaw, your turn has come! On this spot your tyranny ends!"

And the assassin leveled his musket upon his unarmed leader, and was about to fire, when his cowardly accomplice, who had approached him unseen through the tall grass, anticipated him by firing first.

The fatal bullet sped to the heart of the heroic discoverer—his earthly wanderings were ended.

Despoiling his body of the few valuables La Salle had retained, his murderers left it there upon the banks of the silent stream, to be devoured by the wild beasts, or fester in the humid atmosphere, while they rejoined their fellow-plotters and openly boasted of their bloody work.

Soon they quarreled among themselves about the division of the plunder taken from La Salle and his faithful adherents, and the two murderers shared the same fate as their old leader and his nephew.

Finally after much suffering, and the dispersion of the remaining company, but three of this party of sixteen ever reached the outposts of the French missions; and among these was Cavalier, the last surviving relative who had accompanied the explorer on his fatal expedition.

Such was the end of one of the noblest of those brave pioneers of the New World; and History will ever point to him as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. No monument has ever been erected to the memory of this great, good man; but the name of La Salle has been preserved in the scenes of his wanderings; and more than one town and county, in our western states, tells that it is held in honor.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

St. Joe inquires whether "an American Minister, upon presenting his credentials at a foreign Court—England, for instance—kneels before the Queen and kisses her hand?" Certainly not; no one but a subject kneels to the sovereign. An American minister, at the present day, having exhibited a certified copy of his credentials to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is presented by him to the sovereign at a private audience, on which occasion he delivers his letter of credence from the President of the United States, and, if he chooses, makes a very short speech. If the American Minister is presented while the Queen is living at Windsor Castle, the hour appointed is just before dinner, (8 o'clock, P. M.) to which the Minister is invited, and to pass the night at the Castle. Prince Albert attends the Queen on these occasions, and the whole ceremonial is brief and very informal.——The proceeding against Kossuth, to which our correspondent St. Joe also alludes, was instituted by the Austrian government in the English courts, for procuring blank bonds of a revolutionary Hungarian government to be engraved in London.——St. Joe further inquires whether we do not "consider Lord Palmerston one of the greatest statesmen living, for his age and the amount of work he has to attend to?" We answer that we consider Lord Palmerston an extremely able Minister, not only for a man of his age, (77,) but of any age. The amount of work which is done under his direction is enormous; but it is said to be more in consequence of the promptitude and decision with which he directs his subordinates who do the labor, than by great diligence or system on his own part. In answer to the further inquiries of St. Joe about Lord Palmerston, we state that he became Prime Minister in February, 1855, and has consequently filled that office longer than any other person in this century, except Lord Liverpool. Lord Palmerston has filled other high offices in the government under all administrations, for the greater part of his life. He conducted the Crimean war with great ability and energy.

J. B. R. writes, "I have usually found that there is a reason connected with the most trivial events, and that many curious facts are evolved, by examining circumstances which are apparently trifling. I cannot, however conceive why the Jews, on their disaffection, should fix upon a *calf*, as a model for their idol, instead of any other animal. If there is any particular reason for this, will you be kind enough to inform me what it is?" Our correspondent is right in saying that "many curious facts are evolved by examining circumstances which are apparently trifling;" and there is a reason even for the circumstance which he mentions. The Jews at the time of their deliverance had been in Egypt about 400 years. The Egyptians worshipped the sacred bull called Apis, which was kept in the city of Memphis, and small golden images of the bull were scattered throughout Egypt, and worshipped as representatives of the original. The Jews, from their long familiarity with this Egyptian custom, and having perhaps practiced it themselves during their bondage, naturally returned to that custom on becoming petulant and dissatisfied with the religion given them through Moses.

Printer.—This correspondent says there is a dispute in his office as to what constitute "typographical errors," his foreman contending that any mistake, either in punctuation, or orthography, or anything which is incorrectly printed, is a typographical error, while *he* thinks that if an article is set according to copy, even if mistakes do occur, they are not typographical errors, for it is the business of the printer to follow the copy. Your foreman is right. All mistakes which appear in print are typographical errors. The word typography means "the art of printing," and by that is meant the art of printing *correctly*, and any error in this art is therefore a typographical error.

Eloise confesses that she has given a young man reason to believe she would some day be his wife, without ever really promising it; but now she has come to the conclusion that she does not love him, and has placed her affections on another friend, with whom she "has spent many happy hours." She wishes to know whether she shall receive the addresses of the latter, under these circumstances, or marry the former when her heart belongs to the other. It strikes us that there is no question about your receiving the addresses of the latter, as the allusion to the "many happy hours" shows. All you can now do is to tell the first lover the situation of affairs, and take the consequences.

Newsboy.—The original boot was an instrument of torture, made of iron, and shaped similar to the boot in present use. It was made so that the sides opened from each other, and in the interior were fixed sharp iron spikes. When the foot was inserted the sides were brought up, and by means of a screw tightened until the spikes pierced the flesh, thus inflicting excrutiating torture upon the unfortunate victim. In some instruments the spikes were omitted, and the iron boot being screwed up tightly to the foot, the victim was compelled to wear it for several weeks at a time, experiencing a distress which those who are addicted to wearing tight boots, can faintly imagine.

Scholiast.—Every person must determine for himself which dictionary he will adopt as his standard. In some portions of the country, and in some colleges, Webster's is recognized as the standard, while in others the preference is given to Worcestor's. There is no abitrary authority for pronouncing upon their respective merits, and giving one pre-eminence over the other; but as both are recognized by the best authors as being correct, every one is at liberty to choose for himself which one he will follow; and whichever he adopts will be his standard.

Inquisitive.—You have no reason to be ashamed of your inquisitiveness. Curiosity is one of the signs of a good mind. There is no more infallible mark of stupidity than an indifference to all that usually interests mankind. Don't Care is a very dull dog.

Zoe asks our advice under very peculiar circumstances. She says that when she was thirteen years of age, (she is now eighteen,) her parents, and those of a young man in the neighborhood, agreed to an engagement of marriage between their respective children, to take place when the young lady sould be nineteen. Zoe had never seen the young man until about three months ago, but is already deeply in love with him, but, unfortunately, he seems to dislike her. The marriage is to take place soon, and she knows not whether to marry a man who does not return her love or not, and wishes to know what course to pursue. We think that a young man of proper spirit and independence will never consent to a marriage with a lady whom he does not love, even at the dictation of his parents. If, notwithstanding his want of affection, he allows himself to be brought into it, Zoe had better appeal to her parents, telling them the circumstances; and if they have any affection for their daughter, and a desire for her welfare, it strikes us they will at once break up the engagement. If this hope also fails, then "take the responsibility" and break it up yourself, for although you may love the young man, you would probably be unhappy with him if he does not reciprocate the attachment.

Grammar.—Upon philological questions, not definitely settled, as upon all other contested points, a person must form his own opinion. Some think the Hebrew, and some the Chaldæic language has the best claim to the greatest antiquity, while some learned philologists think that man, in his primitive state, had no ideas, and consequently needed no language in which to express them. They are of the opinion that language first consisted of simple articulate sounds, and gradually progressed with the advance of civilization, being changed in different parts of the world by local circumstances, until the present diversity of tongues has been attained. Aside from this, however, the two languages that we have mentioned have about equal claims to the greatest antiquity. It is estimated that there are about three thousand different languages now spoken, including those used by the different Indian tribes and the islanders of the Pacific.

Canada complains that he has a hard master, who keeps him at the store till half-past nine in the evening, and then requires him to be on hand at six in the morning, although there is no business done until after eight. It strikes us that you are rather lazy, and deserve to be out of employment until you can appreciate the worth of a situation, and learn to be industrious, and work hard without grumbling about it. It is surely much better for you to spend your evenings in the store than in the saloons among fast companions; it will not hurt you any to be at the store at six in the morning; and if there is nothing to do, take some useful book and read it during those leisure moments, and you will be astonished to see the amount of valuable information you will have acquired in a year.

R. W. B. asks, "Did the Israelites pass through the Red Sea, or go one-half of the way and turn back and follow the shores of the sea to the Isthmus of Suez, then cross over the Isthmus and enter into Palestine, the promised land?" We think a few moments' reflection would have shown you that the latter could not have been the case. The wording of the Bible is that "the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground," which we admit is somewhat ambiguous, and leaves us to infer that they passed over. They could not, however, have turned back, for Pharaoh was in their rear, and would have destroyed them, and they must have passed entirely over to the other side of the sea, or they would have been drowned with the Egyptians.

Ugo says: "I am a country boy of seventeen, and have fallen in love with a townslady with whom I am corresponding, and we are on pretty friendly terms; but, alas! she has an accepted lover, and I have delayed expressing my sentiments toward her on account of this, and also of my age. Tell me if I have done right, and also what course I should pursue." Ugo seems to be the victim of duplicity, and with the most simple-hearted verdancy has allowed himself to be drawn into an intimacy with a "townslady," knowing that she had an accepted lover. Ugo should drop his correspondence at once, and beware in future of all ladies who seek to have "two strings to their bow," or two beaux on one string.

Union.—This correspondent, who is a young lady, loves a gentleman very dearly, but by assumed indifference, and playing the coquette, has offended him, and wishes to know how to bring about a reconciliation "without compromising her dignity." A young lady who would thus trifle with the affections of the man she loves, deserves to suffer from the alienation of his regard, and she is rightly punished. It strikes us that it would not "compromise her dignity" if she should frankly acknowledge, and ask forgiveness for her error; should she do so, her lover, if he is not too deeply offended, would forgive her foolish conduct.

Alpha.—How is it, asks the innocent Alpha, that some men, after they have failed in business, live faster than ever? Simply because some men are dishonest. When an honest man has the misfortune to fail, he gives up all his property to his creditors, or, if he reserves anything, it is with their knowledge and consent. We will also remark, that *perfectly* honest men seldom fail. Along with downright honesty, there generally goes a degree of prudence and good sense which keep a man from incurring excessive risks. Seven-tenths of the failures come of living too fast, which is itself dishonest.

M. P.—We frequently receive communications such as yours from our correspondents, stating that they have written to us, and several numbers of the Ledger have appeared since that time, but that they have received no answer to their questions. We receive such a quantity of letters every week, that some delay in the appearance of answers to them is unavoidable. We make it a point to answer all that we can conveniently; but we cannot possibly answer *all* that we receive.

Hippocrates.—The pay of medical officers in the army of the United States is as follows: surgeon-general, $228 33 per month; surgeons of ten years' service, $223; other surgeons, $187; assistant-surgeons of ten years' service, $173 50; assistant-surgeons of five years' service, $137 50; other assistant-surgeons, $120 83. These sums include the pay and the estimated value of forage and rations.

Star.—An American flag, properly made, consists of thirteen stripes, to represent the thirteen original colonies, and of a number of stars equal to the number of States in the Union. The width of the flag should equal about two-thirds of the length, and the blue field should be square and equal to the width of seven of the stripes, leaving six full-length stripes below it.

E. A. C.—The seven wonders of the world are, the Pyramids of Egypt; the Colossus of Rhodes; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus, built by his wife Artimisia; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; and the Pharos, or watch-tower of Alexandria. You can get a full description of them from a classical dictionary.

Brooklyn.—Your behavior was correct. In the streets of New York it is never safe for a lady to accept attentions from a man to whom she has not been properly introduced, and of whom she knows nothing. Appearances are not to be relied upon. Some villains succeed in making themselves look sufficiently like gentlemen to deceive an inexperienced girl.

S. W. L.—The maiden name of the mother of Washington was Mary Ball. She was married to Augustine Washington, March 6th, 1730. She was born in 1707, but in what month we do not find recorded. She died August 25th, 1789, during the first term of Gen. Washington's presidency, and in the eighty-second year of her age.

W. H. H.—It is *not* proper for a young man to pay the fare of a young lady whom he chances to meet in a public conveyance. If the young lady is accompanying him, then he should pay her fare; but if he accidentally meets her in a car, it would be an assumption which would probably offend her for him to pay for her.

Eli.—Canals are a Chinese invention. The great Chinese canal, two thousand miles long, which passes by forty-one cities, was begun about the year 950. The first canal in Europe was made in England, during the reign of Henry I., A. D. 1134. The first French canal dates 1660.

John.—You present a plausible statement, but perhaps your father could furnish one that would place the matter in a very different light. When a father and son differ in opinion as to what is best for the son, the father is generally right. Not always, but generally.

Harry.—It would *not* be proper for you to ask a strange lady, whom you should overtake on the road, to ride with you. If she asks permission to ride, you must judge for yourself of the propriety of granting her request.

Boston.—The average number of days in the year on which rain or snow falls in the northern States is one hundred and thirty-six. The number of cloudless days averages only about seventeen.

Orange.—There is not the slightest difficulty about ascertaining the area of a circle. We never saw an arithmetic that did not give the rule.

Reader.—The Jelly Fish is a living creature. It is one of the lowest known forms of animal life, and is by some naturalists considered the lowest form.

G. E. F.—The leaning tower of Pisa is nearly two hundred feet high, and overhangs its base about fourteen feet.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*